

THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE.

Contents for December, 1924.

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FRONTISPIECE	Page
ILLUSTRATION—THE BAPTISM. FROM A PAINTING BY PATRICK TUOHY, A.R.H.A	
NOTES OF THE MONTH	287
FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE. By H.	290
POETRY—	
TWO POEMS. By PATRICK KELLY	294
SIX POEMS. By MICHAEL ORKNEY	297
TWO POEMS. By SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN	299
FUCHSIAS IN CONNACHT. By PADRAIC COLUM	300
THE WINDS. By L. McMANUS	301
ILLUSTRATION—RUE DE JERZUAL, DINAN. FROM A PENCIL DRAWING BY LOUISE JACOBS	307
FROM THE STALLS. By A.E.M.	309
LITTLE DEVIL DOUGHT, A PLAY. By GERALD MACNAMARA	312
WITHOUT CHICK OR CHILD. By D. L. KELLEHER	322
smainte i gcéin. liam ó flaitbheartaig do cum	330
ILLUSTRATION—THE FAIRY TALE. FROM A PAINTING BY JOSEPH KOLSCHBACH	331
ON READING AMERICAN MAGAZINES. BY HENRY O'NEILL	333
BRIAN IN TIR-NA-NOG. By HESTER PIATT	336
THE DESIGN OF DUBLIN. By J. F. McCABE, M.A.	342
SLINGSTONES. By MICHAEL SCOT	348
GLIMPSES. By A.E.M.	353
ILLUSTRATION—FROM NUMBER TWO JOY STREET	355
BOOK REVIEWS	357

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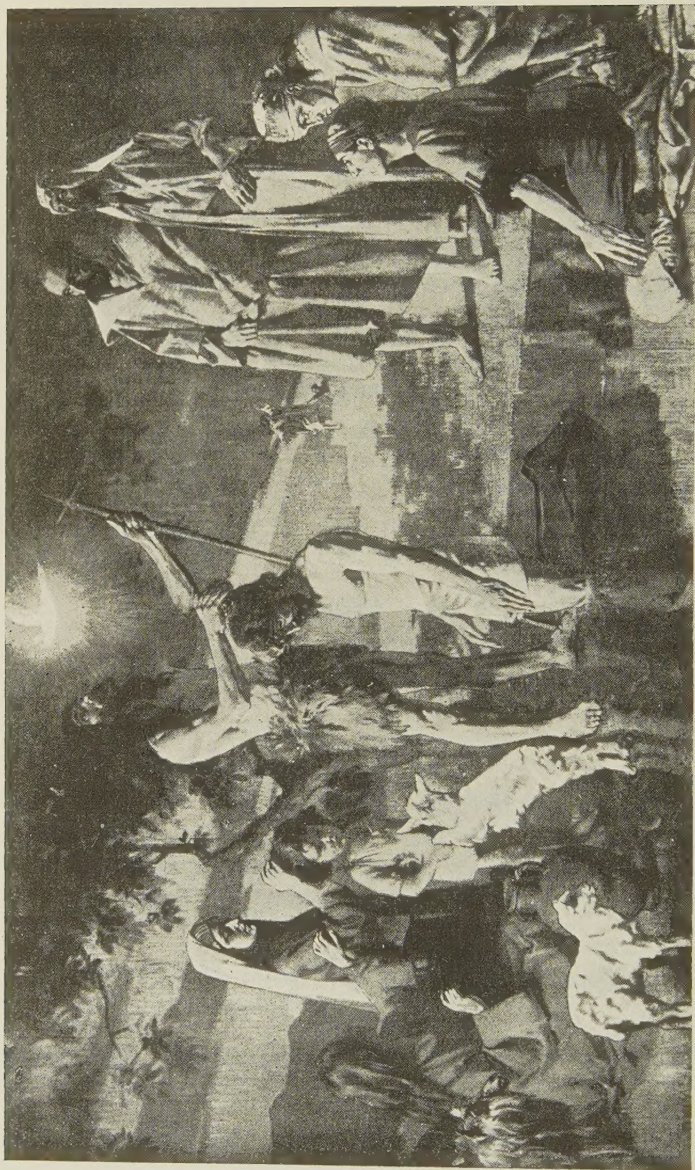
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THE BAPTISM.

From a Painting

By

PATRICK TUOHY, A.R.H.A.

THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE.

Edited by SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.

Vol. II.

DECEMBER, 1924.

No. 5.

Notes of the Month.

It is now agreed on all hands that last year's achievement of the Aisteoirí, Gearóid O Lochlainn's brilliant troupe of Gaelic actors, represents a remarkable event in the history of Irish drama. Their programme for next season contains many tit-bits that non-Gaelic speakers will envy their brethren. Notable in the list is a prize three-act play by Seán O Conchubhar, based on an historical subject. Fiachra Eilgeach has presented them with five new translations, including one from Tolstoy, and another from Sierra, the celebrated Spanish dramatist. Gearóid O Lochlainn has himself provided two translations. His last effort in this branch was wholly successful (*Ceist Chinniúnach*).

* * * * *

It is interesting to note that it is proposed to extend the membership of the *Cómhar Drámaidheachta* by a few additional members. This is the name given to what may be described as an audience association comprising supporters and clients of the Gaelic Drama, and including men distinguished in the Gaelic, political movements, etc. The membership fee is 2s., entitling the holder to admission to all the productions of the season (orchestra seats). Unhappily, the number of tickets available is limited, and those who desire them would do well to apply at once. Teachers and University students would find this an economical way of putting in the theatrical season, and with advantage. The season opens on November 17th with "*An Saoghal Eile*," by L. S. Gógan, and "*A Chéad Bhean*," by Pádraig O Conaire.

* * * * *

To the Royal Dublin Society more than to any other Society in Ireland is due the preservation of that small remnant of culture which remains in the Dublin of to-day, and everyone who has the interest of the City at heart will sympathise with the R.D.S. in the unmerited trouble through which it is so manfully struggling. To select only one of its many activities, in its musical recitals it has done a giant's work, and music-lovers look forward to those afternoons more eagerly than to any other musical event.

* * * * *

The programme for the coming season has reached us as we go to press, and, even at a first glance, seems to promise some glorious things. On November 10th we are to have no less a violinist than Thibaud, of the great Cortot, Thibaud and Casals trio, and for November 24th we are promised another of the famous

trio—Cortot. These names require no advertisement, nor does the Lener Quartet (November 17th) amongst those who know anything about things musical.

* * * * *

The music provided at these R.D.S. recitals is of an infinitely higher type than is to be heard at any of those "great" concerts at which third and fourth-rate artistes appear, and throw to an advertisement-intoxicated audience items which would not be tolerated by the citizens of any other capital in the world.

* * * * *

Arrogance is a frequent fault of the art critic, and there is a kind of gentleman who writes for the press (in England, especially) about pictures whose discomfiture one is always tempted to enjoy. The recent discovery anent Van Gogh and Doré was a bombshell for this class of critic. The circumstances will be fresh in the memory. Some one pointed out that Van Gogh picture, *The Prison Yard*, was identical in subject with an illustration by Doré, published in London in 1872. Now, as Mr. Frank Rutter says, the revelation does not diminish the stature of Van Gogh, who, as is well known, often made pictures out of the prints of other artists' works. This one was sent him during his last illness for a distraction. But it does render rather silly the critics who had specially fixed on *The Prison Yard* as the greatest, most characteristic, and original of Van Gogh's works, in its expression of his humanitarian personal feeling and impulse. The men (who are represented in their dreary round of the yard) may, says Mr. Rutter, be the same. They are the same, and so is every other detail of the two pictures, one an engraving, the other a painting. How absurd to say that the "whole matter" is analogous to the discovery of the sources from which Shakespeare took his plays. Shakespeare told old stories. But he did not re-tell the old stories in the manner of the old storytellers. His men and women are not "the same." It is open to anyone to try to paint the convicts at exercise in Newgate. Each will see the scene differently, and paint it differently in accord with his talent. In this sense "what makes the greatness of a picture is not the subject, but the treatment resulting from the personality of the author." But how does this remark of Mr. Rutter apply to a case in which one artist has copied another artist's work, both in its conception and treatment? There is a good deal of cant abroad.

* * * * *

Mr. J. C. Squire is a critic in the higher ranks, a poet, and a Liberal candidate for the British Parliament; but he is also a humorist with a just sense of values, and we are sure he would not find it *infra dig.*, if he had the leisure, to write a good "shocker" or lurid tale of crime. The cover on his new book raised hopes that he had achieved such a work in *Grub Street Nights' Entertainment*. It contains a representation of a scarifying incident, apparently out of a Bolshevik revolution. There is a Bolshevik revolution in one of Mr. Squire's stories; but it comes in as a sort of afterthought to cap a huge jest which the Editor of the *London Mercury* has perpetrated at the expense of the poets of whom he disapproves. This story, like the others, deals with the struggle for life, the foibles and the eccentricities of the contemporary world of literature. A young Englishman, in order to show up "free verse," begins to write it himself and makes a great success with a certain public. He intends presently to "blow the gaff," but before he can do so a Bolshevik revolution breaks out in England, and he is appointed poet to the British Soviet at a milliard pounds a day. His sisters go to Russia to sell English "peasant" industries. The

theme gives Mr. Squire an occasion for producing some more of the parodies for which he is famous, and he turns Mr. T. S. Eliot and Mr. Pound into delicious nonsense.

* * * * *

The exact date of Jesus' death has for centuries aroused inquiry among astronomers and other scholars. According to the Parochial Bulletin of Saint Augustine, Paris, basing itself on the Gospels of Mathew, Mark, and Luke, Christ died in Golgotha on Friday, the 15th of the lunar month of Nisan, the first month of the Hebrew Calendar. The French astronomer, Loewy, has also, after much study, fixed precisely the same date. During the time that Pontius Pilate was Governor of Judaea, the coincidence of a Friday with the fifteenth of Nisan occurred only once, as calculated by the phases of the moon, and after the Hebrew Calendar has been brought into accord with the Gregorian. The date in our terms was April 7th, A.D. 30. But Christ died at the age of 33, and, therefore, Loewy's calculation justifies the other students who place the date of the Nativity three years earlier than the ordinarily accepted date.

* * * * *

Guido Stacchini's *Extraordinary Adventures in the New Germany* is a book by a young Italian humorist which appears to have been sent to all the newspapers in Europe. We would like to translate later on some passages from it in the *Dublin Magazine*. Meanwhile these national characterisations may amuse Irish readers. Stacchini heard them on his travels :—

One Russian	= A Genius.
Two Russians	= Confusion.
Three Russians	= Anarchy.

Again :

One Englishman	= Silence.
Two Englishmen	= A Club.
Three Englishmen	= An Empire.

And again :

One German	= Another German
Two Germans	= Up, Germany !
Three Germans	= What three Germans may equal no one will ever be able to say.

Foreign Correspondence.

Milan, October, 1924.

THE crime of Judas has been the theme of several recent books. In England, last year, Mr. Sturge Moore published a dramatic poem treating of the motives and passions of Christ's betrayer. His Judas was an imaginary character, not the Judas of the Gospels; but this work of fiction showed poetic power and psychological insight. Mr. Sturge Moore had been conscious of the mystery that surrounds the biblical Judas—conscious of it, as had been the rationalising Renan and the orthodox Papini. "Judas," says Papini in his beautifully-written *Life of Christ*, "is the only human mystery which we encounter in the Gospels." If Judas had been greedy of money, would he so long have remained in the poor company of the Apostles? And thirty pieces of silver are a very small sum. A poet like Mr. Sturge Moore meets the difficulty by the exercise of the imagination; rationalists meet it by resort to the "higher criticism." Papini says simply: "Let the mystery be. Only two beings in the world have known the secret of Judas: Christ and the betrayer. The mystery of Judas is doubly bound to the mystery of the Redemption, and it will remain, for us, a mystery."

The "higher critics" regard the narrative as a fable of primitive fancy, and then proceed to complain that the characters of this narrative do not act with the logic of historical characters, or, worse still, with the logic expected from the characters in a modern novel. Something of this spirit has, perhaps, touched the poets and dramatic authors who have dwelt on the Judas theme, proceeding from the alleged inadequacy of the thirty pieces of silver as a motive for the greatest crime in history. Judas in Mr. Sturge Moore's poem received his pieces of silver; but it was not for these that he betrayed his Master. Something is left out which Mr. Sturge Moore fills in. Rather similar in inspiration are Ratti's play, *Giuda*, and the similarly named tragedy by Alberto Donaudy, another Italian writer. Ratti's play has been produced with great success in Rome, and is now published in book form by Vallesi, of Florence. In Andrieff's *Judas Iscariot* we get the logic, if logic it can be called, of the modern Russian novel. Still another recent book on the same subject is Albert Malaurie's *La Femme de Judas*, published in Paris in D. Hatery's *Cahiers Verts*; but here the logic, as perhaps the title indicates, is that of a French rather than of a Russian work of fiction.

We may ask whether, after all, the great criminals of history have been reasonable men. Reason is a virtue, and if men acted by its light they would not murder or betray, whether for thirty or a million pieces of silver. Thus the biblical account of Judas is sufficient, as admirably so as Shakespeare's account of any one of the villains of his plays. But Messrs. Andrieff, Sturge Moore, Donaudy embitter it, add to it, and in

the result Judas ceases to be a criminal, and becomes a sort of martyr to a passion that is largely intellectual. In Andrieff's story—and both Mr. Moore's poem and Signor Donaudy's play run upon similar lines—Judas is a proud and ambitious figure, *capable de tout*; yet he loves his Master, whom finally he betrays partly from jealousy, partly from a desire to discover His secret and share His divinity. "All," says Andrieff, "deceived him, even the animals; when he caressed a dog, his fingers were bitten, and if he beat the animal, the dog licked his feet and looked gently into his eyes."

In Signor Ratti's play both the central idea and the characterisation of Judas have a great simplicity. Jealousy here plays no part in determining the betrayal. But, like Andrieff and like Donaudy, Ratti presents Judas as a born unfortunate. There is a powerful prologue in which the nature of the drama is symbolised by a serpent that kills itself within a ring of fire. Judas arrives, as this is happening, and makes himself known to his father, Simon, from whose house he was driven as a youth for some small lack of filial piety. He has since been a wanderer with a mutilated face and heart, pondering on cruelty and injustice, passionate for knowledge. Now again he is cursed and rejected by his father. "I asked for love," he cries out, "and was given a lie in the soul." Thrown into the desert, he sought for milk to bathe his face that had been cracked by the sun, and the childish beauty of his countenance was changed into a horrifying mask. He has endured solitude without hope, and will never know the truth, the "why" that deludes and derides him: truth that does not exist. What had he done that he should have been born? In the midst of his imprecations Maria Magdalene appears. She has been sent by Jesus to seek Judas. He goes with her, hoping now that he may find the Word which he seeks, and in the first act he is seen amongst the disciples, though not wholly of them.

Mary Magdalene tells Judas that true peace can only come through the spirit. Lazarus raised from the grave gives the same message. Judas cannot understand. His odd moods sometimes rouse the suspicion of the other disciples, sometimes cause laughter among them. He employs the sardonic touch. Here is "doubting" Thomas; but how far removed his scepticism from that of Judas! "I wish to see for myself," cries Thomas. "Yes, yes," replies Judas, "so do we all. Touch with your hands that which you see with your eyes. Regard with your eyes that which you touch with your hands. And when you have looked, and have touched . . . things will still escape you. Through the fissures of your fingers. Through the holes of the nose. (He takes an egg from the chest.) Thomas, see, here is an egg. Touch it, look at it, feel it, weigh it . . . And then tell me what it is? An egg. True? Bravo! . . ." We are so much the wiser.

Judas betrays Christ, because he expects that, as the supreme crisis is precipitated, Christ will save Himself by some magic formula, or tremendous manifestation of power over his enemies. The figure of Christ

is not brought upon the stage: His words are quoted, His influence pervades the conversation of the Apostles, and we hear in the final act the mob as it howls for His destruction. Judas and the other disciples are listening in a cell opposite the Praetorium. We hear Pilate's question: "What is Truth?" and the silence following. Then Judas declares: "I have caused His death in vain." The other disciples turn and rend Judas, the while Mary Magdalene explains that Christ's reply to Pilate (and to Judas also) must be an act, not a word. "You asked Him for your truth, Judas; He has given you His."

Ratti quotes, as the wisest comment on his work, the letter he received from a Roman lady, the Duchessa Fiammetta Carafa D'Andria Soderini: "It is the drama of our century," says this lady, "the struggle between Spirit and Thought." In the nineteenth century we conceived of a contest between Spirit and Matter—but now it is impossible, owing to the form itself of Thought, to conceive Matter as opposed to Thought, or inert. The late war is to be regarded as sign of the bankruptcy of Thought; and Judas, in Ratti's play, represents the Human intellect, still proud and melancholy, which refuses to recognise the fact. "Myself I sacrifice unto my love and my neighbour as myself," says Zarathustra in Nietzsche's poem; and Ratti's Judas is a Nietzschean figure in his intellectual ambitions and heroic despairs, not a mere egoist playing for safety and his own material interests. It will be remembered how Nietzsche attacked Wagner's Parsifal, "pure fool": now the Duchessa suggests that Ratti's play is a work of an import similar to the Wagnerian opera: his work says in contemporary terms what Parsifal said to the romantic century. "Judas, Thought, Judas or Lucifer, . . . asks for one thing only of men and of Christ: a word, a word to illuminate his thought. But the Verb has become flesh, *i.e.*, the Word has become action, and Jesus answers in silence with His death. He gives an action to the world, not a thought. Judas then exclaims: 'He has betrayed me!' And this is the culminating cry of the human intellect which cannot understand or welcome anything beyond itself, and which, of itself, cannot find the Spirit."

I have not read Malaurie's book in the *Cahiers Verts*; but the Italian critic, G. A. Borgese, gives a succinct account of it in a recent article in the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan. The French writer, at all events, does not shock one's historical prejudices by placing Judas in the line of the "higher" revolutionists, with Lucifer, Prometheus, Nietzsche, or William Blake—does the Roman lady whose observations on Ratti's play we have quoted know Blake's lines?—"Nor is it possible for Thought, a greater than itself to know." One wonders. They are *à propos*. No! Malaurie contents himself with a little invention and fantasy. He makes up history to create a story, not to sustain a theory. Judas in his version is an insignificant creature enough, whose wife, an energetic person and fond of money, is his evil genius. Judas takes the thirty pieces in order to provide the most urgent needs of his family.

Afterwards he hangs himself ; but his wife reclaims the money which he had thrown in the faces of the priests, or rather she reclaims the land (a graveyard for foreigners) which the priests had bought with the money, and makes a good profit out of the original investment. G. A. Borgese suggests that Malaurie's book be considered as a caricature of previous works on Judas, then it will be less offensive to pious souls. But Ratti and Donaudy approach their theme with reverence, even though they share the modern presumption of " seeing good in everyone," " understanding and forgiving everything." Maybe, as G. A. Borgese suggests, M. Malaurie, when he represents what is the most terrible fact of history as a mere *cherchez la femme*, something less than Cleopatra's nose, wishes to reduce that modern presumption to absurdity. But his book appears also to be a skit on the Jew and on Woman ; and many readers will object to the exploitation in these senses of a biblical subject.

H.

Night.

There's beauty in the moon to-night,
An' love an' pity too ;
She is not proud an' falls her light
Alike on thyme an' rue.
You see the grasses weep in joy,
('Tis sorrow when she's gone)—
An' so the night wears on, O'Kane,
An' so the night wears on.

The cattle chew the cud of dreams
Of grasses far away
An' by a shallow lake that gleams
Beyond the rim of day.
A curlew wakes to miss the tide,
(You hear that long, clear cry),
An' so the night goes by, O'Kane,
An' so the night goes by.

An' you an' I upon a stone,
Since dark, above the land,
Have talk'd but once—of one lake lone,
With all its yellow sand.
The light has come above the hill,
(Not we will count the cost),
An' so the night is lost, O'Kane,
An' so the night is lost.

PATRICK KELLY.

Sean-áit Dómhnall.

I would not live in Sean-áit Dómhnall
To satisfy the law.

I would not live in Sean-áit Dómhnall
For all I ever saw.

Its weather has no conscience,
It never acted right ;
The summer comes in winther
An' winther in a night.

I would not live in Sean-áit Dómhnall,
To please a pretty maid

I would not live in Sean-áit Dómhnall :
I swear I'd be afraid.

There's *fear* upon that mountain
Would bring a man his end ;
'Tis chok'd with ghosts an' fairies,
An' never will it mend.

I would not live in Sean-áit Dómhnall,
The shortest summer night.

I would not live in Sean-áit Dómhnall
To satisfy a spite.

The place is like a story
That has not head nor tale,
An' some poor crature told it
When sense began to fail.

I would not live in Sean-áit Dómhnall—
No, not to kill the time,

That kills itself in Sean-áit Dómhnall,
With reason an' with rhyme.

I would not even *die* there ;
An' if by chance I die

In sight of Sean-áit Dómhnall,
In peace I'll never lie.

The Dublin Magazine

I would not live in Sean-áit Dómhnall ;
 The way I'd never find
 To go an' come from Sean-áit Dómhnall
 Until I'd leave my mind.
 An' *then* I'd never find it,
 Nor find my mind again—
 A finder nothin' findin'
 For ever an' amen.

I would not live in Sean-áit Dómhnall,
 (I'd say it o'er an' o'er),
 Nor yet—altho' my name is Dómhnall—
 Within an ass's roar
 Of crazy Sean-áit Dómhnall ;
 An' if an ass I had
 I'd sell him to a tinker
 To keep him off that sod.

I *could* not live in Sean-áit Dómhnall,
 A man is there before,
 A dacent man in Sean-áit Dómhnall—
 (His name is Festus)—more
 Than this to say is needless.
 (To-morrow if it's fine
 I'll visit him by compass
 An' dhrink his health in—wine).

PATRICK KELLY.

Six Poems

[By

MICHAEL ORKNEY.

I.

Little, bitter, human life,
When the angels lost their wings,
You were standing by and turned
Sobbing into sound that sings.

For, O bitter, human life,
Hard as iron, soft as down,
You are yet the topmost stone
Shining in God's jewelled crown.

2.

The perfect scheme of things I dreamed
By wilfulness is shattered now,
And the contentment that it seemed
Love bore upon his iron brow

Is sunk beneath an arid sea
Of human futility and pain.
And yet I know Eternity
Will weave perfection's crown again.

3.

Poet, would you win your crown,
And prove loyal to your trust,
Snatch the stars and thrown them down
To the Empire of the Dust.

The Dublin Magazine

4.

I sought the heights,
 I yearned unto
 The brightness of their lights.

The bright lights fumed,
 The glory gloomed,
 Their music menaced me,

While in my soul
 Unceasingly
 A dull worm worked and wove

A bitter web
 Whose petals were
 The canopy of death.

5.

I'll storm the heart of things, I said,
 And seek for beauty there,
 For beauty's shimmering ghost loves best
 The inner world's dim glare.

But beauty was not snared that way.
 She quickly took her perch
 On the shining surfaces of things,
 And so escaped my search.

6.

I have weathered Winter's storms,
 Stood the sudden Spring's assault.
 Now relapsed my spirit lies.
 In a trance I feel myself
 Into murmuring Summer drawn
 By the humming of the bees.
 O little joyful murmuring sound !
 Once again I fain would go
 Riding in your chariot.
 When the plumes are o'er my head
 And the knell is sounding low,
 Will you come and carry me
 Humming into Paradise ?

Mors Invidiosa.

Death, jealous, watched her moving here
Serene amid the ceaseless strife,
And beckoned her away, for fear
The world should fall in love with life.

The Dead Man.

When Spring had come to glorious birth
And earth went gaily dres't,
The saddest heart in all the earth
Was beating in my breast.
And now when all the world is grey,
And heavy on my breast
Lies the wet clay, my heart is gay,
My heart is glad with rest.

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.

Fuchsias in Connacht.

I think some saint of Eirinn, wandering far,
Found you and drew you here,
Demoselles !
(For so I'll greet you in this alien air).

And like those maidens who were only known
In their own land as Children of the King,
Daughters of Charlemagne,
You have, by following that pilgrim-saint,
Become high votresses !
You've made your palace-beauty dedicate !
And your pomp serviceable !
You stand before our folds.

I think you came from some old Roman land :
Most alien, but most Catholic are you :
Your purple is the purple that enfolds,
In Passion Week, the Shrine ;
Your scarlet is the scarlet of the Wounds !

You stand beside the furzes in our fields,
You bring before our walls, before our doors,
Lamps of the Sanctuary !
And, in this stony place,
The rime the robin sings,
Through your bells rings the Angelus !

PADRAIC COLUM.

The Winds.

By L. MacMANUS.

I AM not sure that Conn MacDonough is mad. He may be a poet whose imagination has toppled over some mind-brink. His vision may be deeper than mine. Again, it is possible that he is a liar, but I do not think he is. There may be a fissure in his brain that doctors know nothing about : or the solitude of his life, perhaps, accounts for it.

He came into my yard about a year ago. That was the first time I met him. He is a mellow old man with very shrewd eyes that now and then gather puckered lids about them, letting one see two blue specks of light that, perhaps, are measuring you. He wears straw *sugans* tied under the knees of his curduroy trousers, and his frieze coat seems a heritage from a distant ancestor.

I found him looking up at the weather-vane I had placed on the gable of an out-house. He asked what it was, and I told him.

"You're eight short," he said, and went out of the yard. I saw him go down the road towards the Mountain of the Cairn, walking slowly, his head bent, as if reflecting.

I learnt who he was and where he lived. His wife had died thirty years ago, and he had been alone ever since in the house he had built against a rock in a ravine of the mountain.

He came another day into the yard, and again looked up at the vane.

"What quarter is the wind in to-day?" he said when I had greeted him.

"East. A point to the south."

"It is not east," he said, "it's one of the four subordinate winds."

"Well," I answered, "I said a point to the south."

But he was not content with my reply. "Which of the four?" he asked.

"One point."

"I tell ye it is no point at all. It's a wind itself. Can ye tell me its colour?"

"No. You can't see the wind."

He looked very steadily at me. "Its colour is yellow," he said. "Her sister is red."

I humoured him. "So you give colour to the winds?"

"And why not?" he answered very sharply. "Sure it was always done."

Then he went away, and chasing the thought round my mind, I remembered that the ancient Irish did give colour to the winds, and divided them into four cardinal and eight subordinate ones.

The Dublin Magazine

The third time he came he had an excuse. Would I like a hare? He had seen four on the mountain. But his eyes went again to the vane.

"When the wind comes strong, from the east does the stick you have there keep straight to the east?" he asked.

"Generally, but it may veer."

"And the same with the west and the north and the south?"

"Yes, it's seldom quite steady, but it is sometimes."

"They come up to play," he said, and went away, leaving me with his words unexplained.

I remembered the hares, and a month later went to see him. A *borin* from a side road led into the mountain, a crazy, uncertain way, bending into hollows, rearing itself into sharp, short ascents, twisting right and left, plastered with mud, dented with water-courses, and cut once in two by a stream. About midway up it dwindled into a track soon hidden by matted branches of heather. Then I saw what seemed a scarlet poppy in the brown blanket of the heather, the red petticoat of a woman who was labouring towards me, bending under a sack of turf. I got directions from her how to find Coun MacDonough's cottage, intricate and vague. A bog had to be crossed, a "flash of water" to be passed, fields to be met, jumbled together in her mapping, and then the edge of the cliff where within some fold of the rocks the cottage stood. Long afterwards I came to the brink of the cliff, which sent a sheer face of rock down into the ravine. I could hear a waterfall, and saw further along the side a tangle of vegetation. My hound snuffed by the edge, and looked up at me. I always believe Ian has a soul. He now almost spoke.

Then Conn appeared. He came from behind, and I first knew he was near by his voice. It was too late to go coursing, he said, and I was in the wrong place to get to his cottage; he would lead me there till the wind had passed.

There was no wind at the moment. In fact the air was still. But he was right about the coursing. I had missed the way ten times since I had spoken with the woman. Ian, too, had found no scent of the hares in the heather. And Conn interested me by his picturesque imagination about the winds. His memory of the colours and the divisions was a survival carried down through his forefathers to himself. I could see him as a child hearing about them from one of his parents.

It was dusk by the time we had come up the ravine, walking by a rivulet on ledges of rock and shale, climbing at last a track among the frachan bushes, and so reached a level piece of ground where a small cottage stood in the angle of the cliff. The door faced a bluff, with patches of green, russet, and yellow, that clove the ravine into two valleys. Above the bluff the sky was flame-shot.

There were two chairs in the kitchen, a table, a half-broken dresser, and a bed. A fire of half-kindled sods, each apart, lay on the hearth. He gave me one of the chairs, and put the other near the door so that it faced

it. Then he drew the sods together, and taking all the ashes from the hearth, flung them into the valley. He left the door open, pushing it back against the wall, and sat down on a stump of wood by the side of the fire.

We spoke of the hares. He had seen them leaping about that morning; but they had left the mountain some hours ago. "They don't like the big winds," he said. Then: "What did the stick point to when ye left?"

"South-east."

He placed a hand on each knee and bent his head. He was either listening for something, or was deep in thought. Ian had stretched himself along the hearth. I could see through the doorway the wings of the flame-sky closing in, and at last disappear. The background upon which they had lain swept a darkness into itself which fell upon the bluff and dropped like a black hand into the valley. Then I heard again the fall of water.

"You are near the waterfall?" I said.

He looked up without moving his hands. "Ye hear it when the purple wind is coming. The two beat it before her."

"Which wind is the purple wind?"

"The east. But it is the red wind that does the harm. She withers the grass and takes blossoms from the fruit."

"What colours are the winds?"

"The north wind is black, and the south white, but the west is pale from the long journey she comes. The others are green, and another kind of green, brown and grey, yellow and red, speckled and dark."

"You have seen them?"

"I have, in their turn, not all together."

Some folklore, I thought, and went on questioning.

"What shape do the winds take that you can see the colour on them?"

"The shape of women. Would you believe me now?"

"I would, because you look as if you were good at a bargain and could sell a cow or a calf for, perhaps, more than its price. Your eyes have that shrewdness."

I saw the skin wrinkling round them again in a sudden leap of flame from the sods. I guessed I was being measured, that Conn was looking into my mind through my face. Was I worth hearing his folklore? He seemed to decide I was.

"Would ye remember the year 1903?" he said. "There was a great wind early in that year. It blew down trees, and took the roofs off houses, and scattered many a stack."

My memory responded to the question. "Yes," I said.

"I had been out to Shraheens that afternoon, and it was eight, maybe, when I was back. I got the fire kindled again, the kettle boiled, and the tay-pot on the hearth. It was a quiet night, but I had seen the seagulls going east when I had struck the mountain coming back. They were leaving the sea. There was a storm out on the Atlantic. That's the sign when they come in like that in numbers and face off into the country. But there was no wind on the mountain, and it was as if you were boxed up in a room with no sound in the house here in the ravine."

"The waterfall—you heard that?"

"I didn't for a time. It was as if the water was not coming down. It was quiet outside like a night that might have frost in it. It might be I was an hour in the house when I heard what I thought was the clapping of seagulls' wings passing over the cliff, and after that there came a noise as if someone was dragging a branch full of leaves up the path. It would be about a minute when there came a loud knock on the door that shook it as the wind would, but there was no wind. The blow came again, and it trembled between the posts, and the board I had holding it and the shovel fell back. With the third blow it burst open as it might before a great wind, but there was no wind, and a woman walked into the house. She was a stranger to me, with a great breadth in her shoulders, and well-shaped, strong white arms. She began loosening her hair. The hair was like long hanks of tow, not white nor yellow, but both. The dress on her was as if the blue colour it had had faded out in the washing, and it was trimmed with brown and green shiny, slippery leaves like the kelp I saw them picking back at Newport on the shore, and had a streak of froth down the skirt, the same that gathers in the river. I made a study of her as she was loosening her hair, and you would say she was a handsome woman, but her eyes were wild and shining as if she had been racing, with no fixed colour in them. They would be black, or blue, or green, for I saw them well, for I had the candle lighted and stuck on the wall by the chimney. She was some time getting the hair to please her. Then she spread it over her arms, and gave a shriek, and went out of the house, the hair flying out wide each side of her, and straight from her back and her face. A great blast went round the kitchen, lifting and scattering the fire and the ashes, and putting the candle out on me. I heard the dash of the waterfall, and three times a sound like the drawing of a bow on the strings of a fiddle. And then a big wind went down the cliff."

"Did you ever see the woman again?"

He did not notice the question in the march of his thoughts.

"But it is Thooa that would put the wonder on you. It was after that woman came that some of the others would leap into the kitchen, and it would delight you to see two of them swinging round and round, and colours on them. Some would get on the roof, and you'd be in fear lest they'd tear it off. They had a jew's harp, or a melodeon, but it was four times stronger than what the girls have at the dances."

"Who is Thooa?"

' She played a deception on me the first time I saw her. She comes from the north. She can't come in at the door here, and has to get a lift from Liath or Ciar. Liath has a grey dress on her, and Ciar a brown one. They are two of the subordinate winds between the north and the west. It was one night I was coming up the way when it was full moon, and the moon was right above the ravine, shining into it. I saw a woman standing on the brow of the cliff on the north side, with a black shawl on, and a white bonnet on her head. She came down through the bushes towards me, and I felt a coldness coming to me. When she was within a cast of a stone she began to raise her arms under the shawl, swinging them up and down and moaning, and it wasn't long till she fell down into the frachan bushes, and all I could see of her was her white bonnet above the bush. When I got up near I found a lump of snow and no more. I was wondering at that when I heard a shout from the cliff to your right hand, and I saw her standing on the top against the face of the moon. She gave one shout more, and leapt the ravine to the other cliff, and, with her arms spread out under her shawl, went out of my sight. It was that night the great fall of snow came, and the north wind kept at one roar till morning.

"I've seen Hur, that's the east wind, standing very quiet in the ravine down there. She has grey eyes, very hard and sharp. The sun was on her purple dress, or, maybe, it was her petticoat. I'd call her a handsome woman. And I've seen her running up the stream down there with her white hands full of sunlight and sharp long nails on her fingers. But it would give you great pleasure to be looking at her twisting her cloak, like a light mist, round her, and scattering it out again, and the purple petticoat showing below.

"But it is Deas, that's the south wind, you'd be looking at all day. She's shaped like a young girl, and the hair about her you'd be comparing to the ash with its long branches of rods hanging to the ground. She hides herself under it, and it's the colour of gold. She'll sing into your ear, and her voice is as fine as the blackbird's. But she is not to be trusted, she'd make you idle all day.

"Do you hear talking down the path from us? Hur is coming. She's giving instructions to the subordinate winds that have to do the bidding of herself and Deas. But they are an unruly pair. The one nearest to her has her shawl torn into yellow streamers that stretch out round her, and the one near Deas has red hair, and red eyes, and a red dress on her, and red hands. If Hur sends her out it will be well for you to stay here till the morning."

He bent forward, listening, his face turned to the door, The fire brightened. I heard the sudden sougning of the wind, then an interval of silence, and the gale burst upon the glen.

He went on, a little excited, as if he expected someone.

"That's Hur. She's coming herself. If you could see the moonlight on her you'd be wanting to praise her. But she has a great reluctance to let the stars and the moon shine on her when she's in a hurry, and she's

flinging the clouds at them now. She's bringing up Bui with her, not Dearth. She's full of tricks, is Bui. She'll leap on the roof, and tear at the straw, and she'll cry like a child."

A gust of wind swept in through the doorway, went round the kitchen, shook the sparks from the coals, and whirled up to the black rafters. Another gust followed, sprayed with rain, and Ian rose on his forepaws. He stretched out his head and snuffed the floor as if he had found the scent of the hares.

I got up, crossed the kitchen, and shut the door. A wind went by me and struck my face like the hard blow of a hand. Then I heard the south-east wind raging in the ravine.



*rue de Jerzual
Dinan*

Louise Jacobs.

RUE DE JERZUAL, DINAN.

From a Pencil Drawing

By

LOUISE JACOBS.

From the Stalls.

THE collaboration of Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblock in *London Life* * has failed to repeat the success of *Milestones*. The play was selected by Mr. Basil Dean to inaugurate his management at Drury Lane, but it proved a spectacular failure. There is in it much of the gilded splendour of wealth with which Arnold Bennett loves to toy—there is much extravagant flaunting of wealth in garden parties and in politics, but the play is lifeless. Simon Blackshaw, the Five Towns lawyer, might live in an Arnold Bennett novel, but he does not live in the play. Is it Bennett or Knoblock who stifles him? In his office in Bursley, Blackshaw is credible, but when he appears on the terrace of the House of Commons or at Nathan's magnificent garden party he is merely a wooden figure. Upon the wooden figure is draped the remnants of the famous "political funds" scandal that convulsed the English press about twelve years ago, and this gives the authors an opportunity to tilt at the English party system. But such irony, however broad, could never thrill an audience at Drury Lane. Why should such an audience be bothered with political scandal when it might be thrilled with *The Whip*? The effects of melodrama can be achieved by Mr. Bennett in his novels, but they are not quite the effects that attract audiences to Drury Lane. The play is enjoyable enough to read; it falls, however, between two stools, as it is neither good social drama nor good melodrama. Perhaps the authors were undecided as to whether they intended social satire or thrilling spectacle. There is much of both, but there is no cohesion.

In *T'Marsdens* † Mr. James R. Gregson knows fully what he desires, and he achieves his purpose very skilfully. A more convincing study of an English artisan family it would be difficult to discover, and a more bitter satire upon English social conditions it is unnecessary to conceive. Every phase of English life is touched by the Marsden family in the course of the play. There is a school of art at Endbridge, and a model has been appointed for the Life class. Public opinion is outraged, and the Marsden family is part of public opinion. Old Ezra Marsden and the Rev. Philip Moore are exceptions. Moore is an ex-workman who has become a non-conformist cleric in the hope of broadening the outlook of his congregation; he is also one of the Governors of the Art School. The girl who was appointed as model to the Life class is a cousin of the Marsdens. The Rev. Philip Moore stands by his opinions, resigns his ministry to return to the factory, and marries the model.

* Chatto and Windus. 5s. net.

† Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. net.

T'Marsdens is an exceptionally good specimen of what is termed the "repertory" play, deriving its momentum from the old Gaiety Theatre, Manchester. The narrow-minded attitudes of the people of Endbridge are depicted with power and understanding. Of course, Mr. Gregson desires to reform these people by showing themselves as others see them, and reform is obviously needed. The "Liberalism" of the English non-conformist is not even skin deep—scratch the skin and the bigoted tyrant will quickly present himself. In Ezra Marsden, Mr. Gregson has drawn the exception which is not quite so rare as to be without influence.

In *The Masque of Venice* and *The Scene that was to Write Itself*,* Mr. Gribble has produced two plays that place him in the front rank of contemporary British dramatists. It is a very sad commentary upon the English stage that neither of these plays has yet been seen in the theatre, but that their production can be long delayed it is difficult to believe. How any theatre-manager could overlook such a play as *The Masque of Venice* passes understanding. It is a play full of life and colour, written with vigour and distinction. With an airy touch and a satire that has an undercurrent of bitterness, Mr. Gribble sketches the people who make up the foreign colony in the life of Venice. Mumford, author of a "best selling" novel, *The Gates of Jerusalem*:—"I'm ashamed to say that with the new American edition it is going on for two millions—would certainly delight an audience of "highbrows."

Mumford: *It's ghastly, I know! But if the public will swallow such trash!*

Egeria: *You did not think it trash when you wrote it.*

Mumford: *Of course I didn't, otherwise the book would never have had the success it has had. It's the terrible earnestness of it that appeals, so I'm told. But it makes it all the worse, all the more humiliating, to think that that book was, as they say, "written with the heart's blood!"*

Jonathan Mumford had come to Venice with Egeria, whom he met on an Atlantic liner, to Love—to know Life. They take up their residence in the *palazzo* of Don Pedro di Brianza, "a sort of royal exile," and an old lover of Egeria. There they are visited by the Rev. Joshua and Mrs. Cox, travelling in search of material for "A Month in the Lagoons"; Jack Cazeneuve, a moral complex, who believes himself a descendant of Casanova; Mrs. Elphinstone Weir, "a literary celebrity" and patroness of Mumford; and are serenaded by order of the Maharajah of Jolar, who loves Egeria. The attractions and repulsions of these varied personalities, ending with the flight of Egeria and the collaboration of Mumford and Mrs. Weir in writing *The Masque of Venice*, make this one of the most delightful plays of recent years.

The Scene that was to Write Itself presents points of contact with *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, and to Pirandello Mr. Gribble presents "compliments and due acknowledgments." It is to the author rather

than the characters that Mr. Gribble gives his attention. It is said that some dramatists write their plays in the course of rehearsal, and this little play shows how it is done. It looks like taking Professor Baker's work away by showing embryonic playwrights how the trick is performed. The humour of the situations does much to temper the satire, and the little play would probably be a delight on the stage.

There is in the work of Mr. Gribble something that suggests that he is an American, but he is easily the most important personality that has yet appeared in the "Contemporary British Dramatists" series of plays. His influence is likely to be considerable, and his future work will be awaited with interest. A dramatist of such ability and technical skill is not discovered every week, and Messrs. Benn are to be congratulated upon the discovery.

A. E. M.

Little Devil Dought;

OR,

If ye don't give me monie I'll sweepe ye all out.

A Tragedy.

Written by BEN WEBLOWE, 1589.

Edited by GERALD MacNAMARA, 1924.

To the Reader, 1589.

If it be objected that this playe is not a trew dramaticke poem and a perfect pourtrail of life amongst the nobilitie of Italy in the last century, I will saye that I have been shamefully faulted, and whoso says so is a trew-sworne friend of ignorance, and can never hope to be *cum grano salis* with me.

Of my foxy adverse crittiks (and their name is legion) I could write *ad libitum*, even *ad nauseam*, but will be content to say just *nix*.

Yours,

In vino veritas,

Ben Weblowe.

To the Right Worthie and all accomlisht Gentleman, Sir Baldwin MacKivers, Knight Baronet.

Sir,

This unworthie attempt at playwritinge was wholely and soley written for your auguste pleasure in the hope of gaining some faint praise or applause on its first production.

If, Sir, in your good graciousness you should find aughte in this miserable scrawl to give pain or bring the blush to your good lady or to any of the ladies with whom you have honorably or otherwise been associated, I would burn the offending manuscript and scatter the ashes to the four winds of heaven.

In serpentine servility I dedicate this work to you.

Your worship's devoted and (*mirable dictu*) humble servant,

Ben Weblowe.

To the Reader, 1924.

To those of my readers who have studied or even read the works of Ben Weblowe, it will be evident that I have deleted many words which, though in excellent taste in the sixteenth century, are lamentably *de trop* to-day.

Of the author's irritating and superfluous Latin quotations I will say nothing, as it was *à la mode* in that unenlightened period.

With great moral pains I have kept this edition clean, esoteric, *sans reproche*, and almost respectable. My only hope is that in my zeal for virtue I have not lost any of the *esprit de corps* of the original; but *n'importe*.

As an antiquarian and practically a vegetarian, I have religiously retained all the hybrid-Saxon words.

These words, although bristling with indecency and honeycombed with *double entendre* to the original readers, are safe as houses at the present day.

Gerald MacNamara.

The Actors' Names.

<i>Francisco</i>	..	Duke of Chianti.
<i>Paulo</i>	..	Duke of Frescati.
<i>Stilleto</i>	..	} Stepsons of Francesco.
<i>Poinardo</i>	..	
<i>Pistoletto</i>	..	
<i>Rapierinci</i>	..	
<i>Garrotti</i>	..	
<i>Dopo</i>	..	An Apothecary.
<i>Gorgonzola</i>	..	A Spanish Count, exiled by the Inquisition for cruelty to animals.
<i>Gamba</i>	..	Steward to Francisco.
<i>Fiasco</i>	..	Francisco's Wife.
<i>Pianola</i>	..	Her Daughter (Step.).
<i>Garlic</i>	..	A Servitor.
<i>Ec-Zema</i>	..	A Moor—Maid to Fiasco.
<i>Hals de Stempyr</i>	..	A Netherlandish Nobleman.

Ambassadors, Troubadours, Jugglers, Lawyers, Friars, Poisoners, Conjurers, Murderers, Trumpeters, Halberdiers, Gondoliers, Punters, etc., etc.

The Dublin Magazine

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A Chamber.

(Enter Francisco and Fiasco.)

- Pivs.*— Think not, my lord, the time is ripe
For Pianola's nuptials?
Franc.— Still harping on my daughter.
Fias.— You would not see her on the shelp?
Franc.— Udd's foof, she's but a child.
Fias.— She's now turned twelve.
Franc.— E'en so, think not 'tis but a tender age
To leave the virgnal couch?
Fias.— I' faith, my lord, you speak like one
Untutor'd in the laws of our nobility.
Franc.— Rate not to me of laws,
I am a law unto myself.
Fias.— O, hoity, toity husband mine.
Franc.— Woman, I charge you not
To rouse mine ire;
I've strangled many a lady fair
For words less
Sarcastologious.

(Note.—B. W. would strangle a word for the sake of rhythm.)

- Fias.*— My lord, I would enwheedle you
To have our daughter 'spoused;
My sole ambition is that she
Should wed a duke
Or one of knightly rank.
Franc.— Udd's doublets, there is no one fit
To lace her guarders.
Fias.— What say you, then, of Gorgonzola—
A Count of countless virtues?
Franc.— Prate not to me of Gorgonzola
He stinketh in my nostrils.

(Exit.)

- Fias. (sol)*— I'm pasht in pieces with
My spouse's insolences.
If he does not learn to speak
More civil, I will have his throat
Cut ear to ear.

Enter Gorgonzola.

Good morrow to you, brave Sir Count;
How goes your bloody bus'ness?

- Gorg.*—I'd be a sorry knave, indeed,
 If I denied that trade was gud.
 Thanks to your bounty, lady,
 I have gat
 My hands quite full.
- Fias.*— Have you despatch'd her grace.
 The charming *Dulcineo* ?
- Gorg.*— A perfect corpse.
- Fias.*— What of her sons ?
- Gorg.*— I've predeceased the both of them.
- Fias.*— Hush ! There is some foxy knave
 Behind the arras.
- Gorg.*— There always is.
- Fias.*— Come, let us hie to my secret bower
 The room of drawn and quartered oak.

ACT I.—SCENE II.

Another Chamber.

(*Enter Francisco and Gamba.*)

Franc.— Gamba, you are a faithful steward, but
 Hast paid our lie—
 Abilities in full ?

Gamba— S'elp me, noble lord, I have
 Paid to the utmost stiver an'
 It please your graciousness.

Franc.— Ne'er was a noble prince more bless'd
 With such an honest auditor ;
 But, tell me, Gamba, hast thou not
 A bloighting ducat left
 To grace my wallet ?

Gamba— Too safe, my lord, a thousand crowns
 I've snared for your consumption.

(*Note.*—Snared—an old poaching word used frequently by Shakespeare.)

Franc.— I' faith, this gracious act
 Shall not go unrequited.
 Gamba, I have a daughter dear,
 A maid scarce thirteen summers.

Gamba— Thou meanest *Pianola* ?

Franc.— The *même*, my friend.

(*Note.*—*Même*—a word smuggled into England by French *contra-banditti*)

The Dublin Magazine

Gamba— You also have five sons, or demi-sons.

Franc.— Breathe not their names, O honest *Gamba*,
A lawdy, glousey pack of knaves.

(*Enter two artizans to do repairs with hammers.*)

Come, let us hie to another spot
Less bomdardaceous.

(*Exeunt omnes*).

ACT I.—SCENE III.

The Black and Tan Forest.

(*Enter Francisco and Gamba.*)

Franc.— I think myself that she is young to marry,
And that there's none her equal in the land
Save you yourself.

Gamba— Your grace, I feel o'erwhelm'd,
But it's not meet to make a mock of me.

Franc.— Oh, mock me armour,
I never felt so sneerious in my life.

Gamba— Your grace, you do me proud,
But what think'st thou I'm art ?

Franc.— I thinkest thou the richest burgher
In the town.

Gamba— My lord, all that I have is thine.

Franc.— Right well I know it, lusty knave ;
You've got my money—every make.

(*Note.*—*Make*—an old Saxon word for a coin of little intrinsic value.)

Gamba— What if the maid refuse ?

Franc.— Let not that thought beblur
Your cold collation.

Gamba— My lord, 'tis useless to awry you,
Since you do speak so plain.

Franc.— Then you will troth and spouse her ?

Gamba— I' faith I'll do them twain.

(*Exit.*)

Franc. (sol.)—Ha ! ha ! He says he'll do them twain
Now, I see quite plain, I'll have my dory
Ducats back again.

(*Note.*—On the Elizabethan stage no drop-cloths or curtains were used. In order to let the audience know when an act was finished the last actor said his words in the form of a rhymed couplet, often meaningless, but sufficient to let the auditors know that they could leave their seats to quench their thirsts.)

Little Devil Dought

317

ACT II.—SCENE I.

The Torture Chamber.

(Note.—“Torture”—the name was only a relic of mediæval times ; in reality it was the library.)

(*Enter Francisca.*)

Franc.—Garlic !

(*Enter Servitor.*)

Serv.— Yes, my lord.

Franc.— I wish to see my daughter dear.

(*Exit Servitor.*)

(*Sol.*)— I'll comb my beard ;
'Twill serve to kill the time until
my daughter makes her entrance.

(*Enter Pianola.*)

Pia.— What is your wish,
Illustrious parient ?

Franc.— I only wish that you were wed.

Pia.— To whom, an' it please you, sire ?

Franc.— I' feck it strikes me pink
That thou art o'er inquisitnoss.

Pia. (on her knees)—O, worthy parent, I do crave
Your kind 'quiescence ;
If fault I have I know it's due
To paternostic 'dulgence.

(Note.—Ben Weblowe was the first poet to be granted a licence, and he took, as these lines prove, full advantage of it.)

Franc.—Get thee to a nursery. (*Exunt.*)

ACT II.—SCENE II.

A Street.—Flourish of Strumpets.

(*Enter Hals de Stempyr accompanied by Courtesans.*)

Hals (sol.)— O, Fiasco, Fiasco,
Wherefore art thou, Fiasco ?

(Note.—Shakespeare had these words in first.)

(*Enter Ec-Zema.*)

(*Aside*)— Her maid approacheth ;
O what a shiny, fulginous blackamoor.

(*To Ec-Zema*)—My dusky maiden, may I ask
If this be the night for thy outgang ?

The Dublin Magazine

- Ec-Zema*— It are, Sir Hals de Stempyr.
Hals (aside)— Ho ! ho ! I am discovered, but,
 To hell, it does not matter.
(To Ec-Zema)— Here is a silvered pewter crown ;
 'Twill serve to buy a ribbon for
 Your tunesome tambourine.
Ec-Zema— Allah reward your great Excellency.
Hals— I will meet you anon at the wicked gate.
 Savey, savong—comprong ? *(Exeunt).*
-

ACT II.—SCENE III.

The Chamber of Drawn and Quartered Oak.

(Enter Francisco and Fiasco.)

- Franc.*— My dear Fiasco, I do ken that I
 Have acted well. Me hopes osee
 That you'll perceive the wis—
 Dom of my sage pregump-iosity.
Fias.— For love of Michael, what hast thou
 Been up to now ?
Franc.— I have giv'n our daughter fair
 In hymenotic wedlock.
Fias.— To whom, spousey partner
 Of my couch ?
Franc.— To th' most faithful servitor
 In a' th' earth.
Fias.— A servitor ! Uddsduddereens !!
Franc.— Aye, to our textu'listic steward,
 Gamba.
Fias.— This cannot be, this must not was.
Franc.— For why, sweet champion of
 Our sworn conjugalosity ?
Fias.— A Com'ner for a son-in-law ?
 O woe, O woe is me.
Franc.— True, he's a com'ner now, but yet,
 Ere sunset, he will be
 A prince, a duke, or something, or
 I'll see him hanged.

(Exit in high dudgeon.)

Little Devil Dought

319

Fias. (sol.)—Not, tho' the hoary hounds of hell
Gnash their vile teeth,
Not tho' the heaven's thunder roll
Shall I consent to let her wed
A boor like that.

(Exit with malice aforethought and intent to do grievous bodily harm.)

ACT II.—SCENE IV.

(Enter Fiasco and Gorgonzola.)

Fias.— Hey day to you, Sir Unctuous Knight.

Gorg.— The same to thee, fair lady, and
A many *toujours* of them.

Fias.— Those words sardonic vouch to me
There's somewhat on thy conscience.

Gorg.— O cruel case, thy words are *vrai*.

Fias.— Tell me the worst and I shall be
Thy fair confessiositor.

Gorg.— Sweet lady, it is true my conscience pricks,
For I have not, for sev'ral days,
Committed arson, murder, or not e'en
A simple homely homicide.

(The bones of the skeletons in the cupboard rattle.)

So'elpus, what was that ?

Fias.— 'Twas but the wind or p'r'aps the car
Rattling o'er the stony street.

Gorg.— I'm much relieved ;
But what's the news ?

Fias.— My lord has gi'n away our daughter fair
To one of most unsumptuous birth,
A rawter, not of princely rank,
Nor eek of high stagnation.

Gorg.— Plague take him ; who's the
Croxy knave ?

Fias.— Gamba, our hired man.

Gorg.— 'Steeth.

Fias.— You hate him then ?

Gorg.— " Hate him ? " Uddscallopers !

Fias.— Wouldst slay him ?

Gorg.— " Slay "—the word is too effeminate for me.
I'll make Italian cut-works of his guts.

*(Note—" Italian cut-works "—a sort of fret-work much in vogue
with ladies of the Court in the sixteenth century.)*

The Dublin Magazine

Fias.— Give me your hand.

(The bones rattle a second time.)

Gorg.— What was that ?

Fias.— 'Twas nothing.

Gorg.— Deceive me not—I hear the bones of death.

Fias.— Bones are always dead, my dear.

Gorg.— 'Tis an ill omen. I tremble. *(He shrieks.)*

Fias.— Be silent, Zola, and I'll get

A stimulant for you,

I've got a noggin here, which I have

'Cealed in a crafty cupboard.

(Fiasco touches a secret spring in the wainscot—a panel slides back and reveals the features of Francisco. Omnes shriek, except Francisco.)

Franc. (aside)— And when the pie was opened

The birds began to sing,

Wasn't that a dainty dish

To set before the king ?

(Exeunt Omnes.)

ACT III.—SCENE I.

In the Cloisters.

(Enter Fiasco and Gorgonzola.)

Fias.— When will you 'complish this affair ?

Gorg.— You mean the death of Gamba ?

Leave that to me but ere we part

Can I rely upon your sons

To help me in this deed, without

Commission ?

Fias.— O, rest assured, my honest friend ;

They all owe Gamba money.

(Exeunt.)

ACT III.—SCENE II.

A Cul-de-sac.—After hours.

(Enter the five wicked brothers.)

Stil.— This is the trysting place.

Pist.— 'Tis pretty near it.

Stil.— I say, *the very spot* ; gedamned be he
Who says me nawcht. (*He draws.*)

Pist.— 'Sdeath, I'll stand no insult
E'en from my moder's son. (*Draws.*)

(*Enter Gorgonzola, with a new, ready-made suit of armour.*)

Gorg.— Peace, brothers.

Poin.— Who's there ? Uncover ! Raise thy beaver !

(*Note.*—In this particular case the "beaver" is part of a helmet—not a beard.)

(*Gorg. uncovers.*)

<i>Stil.</i> —	}	
<i>Poin.</i> —		
<i>Pist.</i> —		
<i>Rap.</i> —		
<i>Gar.</i> —		

Aha ! 'Tis Gorgonzola.

Gorg.— My nobles, your dear mother hath
Pray'd me to seek your services
To help to murder one who is
Likely to thwart your purposes.

Stil.— 'Tis Gamba that you mean.

Gorg.— It is. Will you consent to give your aid ?

Stil.— } Multum in parvo !

Poin.— } Quid pro quo !!

Pist.— } De novo ! de novo !!!

Rap.— } Magnum opus !!!!

Gar.— } Causus belli !!!!! (*Omnes draw.*)

(*Enter sarcastic watchman with lanthorn.*)

Watch.— Ten o' th' clock and all's well. (*Exit.*)

Gorg. (with a brain wave)—

The hour is early for such gorey plans,
Let us adjourn and meet
At some more curdling hour,
Say twelve o'clock.

Stil.— Say midnight ; then
Will the screech-owl help
To buck us up.

Gorg.— And let the place of meeting be
A damp, sequester'd moat or grange,
Or bloody battled bastionment.

Pist.— What say you, brothers, to
The platform of the castle ?

<i>Stil.</i> —	}	
<i>Poin.</i> —		
<i>Rap.</i> —		
<i>Gar.</i> —		
<i>Gorg.</i> —		

The very it.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

(*To be concluded.*)

Without a Chick or a Child.

By D. L. KELLEHER.

ISN'T it queer sometimes how you'd like a person the moment you'd meet them? It might be someone that would speak to you in the train, or coming out of the chapel, maybe, or going in bathing at the seaside; and you'd feel drawn to them for no reason at all. There would be a reason, of course, but I mean to say you wouldn't pass a thought on it at the time. It might be, as I say, with a complete stranger to you, or someone, maybe, you knew to see in the street or at Mass or a thing. 'Tis queer, anyway, how friendship is often like that; 'tis as sudden as love, and goodness knows there's such a lot of nonsense about love, you're better off without it half the time.

I can't rightly explain to you now what I'm trying to get at, but—a friend like would put up with many things that a sweetheart would be cross about. Friendship is more knowledgeable,—there's more, what you call 'em, give and take in it. What's that the old saying is?—"Youth and old age can never agree"—well, they can and they can't. A boy and a man that are friends will be boy and man still to each other if they live to be a hundred. However, that's not it either,—so, let me be going on with my story.

Thirty years ago, this very month, I was stopping for a while in the town of Glenmills, on the road to Killorglin, with Thomas Morony and his wife, great friends of my father that was dead. Thomas Morony and his wife were about forty-two or forty-three, and I was going on ten myself, but I was a crabbed little lad out from the city, and I going to school already to the Christian Brothers. 'Twas the holiday time, and I needn't tell you I was delighted to be in such a homely place, and Thomas Morony, the poor man, he wouldn't know what to do for me! "Tackle the donkey," he'd say, "and drive away for yourself," and he'd hunt the old donkey with me into the shed, and I'd do the belly-band and we'd harness her quick, and I'd drive away all by myself as far as the river Flesk or round by the priest's house, where the red ash berries would be in bloom when everything else would be only beginning to come out. And when I'd come back Mrs. Morony—she was a small little woman and he was a big tall man with a black beard—she'd have a gooseberry pie for me or a cake baking. She used to make lovely cream cakes, and she'd cut and butter them thick again, and I'd eat them hot for my tea. 'Twas in the kitchen we'd be, and there was a parlour, and then the shop where they had a general business and the post office. I remember well the parlour, with John Mitchell's History of Ireland on the table and a yellow book from the "Pall Mall Gazette" in London about the members of parliament that Thomas Morony was gone about reading; and over in

the corner on the armchair a heap of old Supplements to the "Cork Examiner," and a niche above the fireplace with Mrs. Morony's nine prayer-books, ever since the beginning when she was a little thing and Mother Bernard teaching her in Banteer Convent. The parlour itself would nearly remind you of the convent 'twas so lovely and clean, and a pot of fuchsia in the window inside, and everything so nice and quiet 'twas like Sunday always in it.

Thomas Morony was the agent for the "Examiner," too, and, that whole week, didn't he make me "manager" of it, and when I went to him with the money on the Saturday—three and fivepence it was, I remember well, a half-crown, two threepenny bits, and five coppers—"Keep it," said he, "and we'll have a grand trip to-morrow." I was ashamed, for I was brought up never to take money, and I held out my hand to him with the three and fivepence in it. But he took my hand between his own two and he pressed it, and I could feel the coppers getting warm in the nest he made with his two hands about them. "Keep it, I tell you," said he again, "and we'll go on the spree." He bent down near me as if it was a terrible secret, but I knew there was nothing terrible about it by the eyes of him and the way he blinked when he said "on the spree." That very minute Mrs. Morony was wetting the tea, and said he to her, letting go of my hand: "He's going to take me into Killarney to-morrow, Bridgie, with all his riches." She turned around from the fire and put the teapot down out of her hands on the table, pretending to be very surprised.

"To Killarney, yerra?" says she, after first looking at me with her mouth open. "Ye must be made of money!"

"'Tis himself, sure, has the purse," said he, but she couldn't make him any answer, for the kettle was bubbling-boiling, and she had to hurry before 'twould be all boiled away.

Oh, glory! wasn't it grand?—we were going into Killarney to-morrow! I didn't sleep a wink that night, only turning and twisting every half-hour and thinking how soon I'd be in the train—I was mad about trains that time—and how I'd have my head out of the window, flying my handkerchief or tearing up papers and letting them all blow in through the windows of the carriages behind and we going round a curve!

But I haven't it right again now, either, until I tell you who Thomas Morony was and how I was stopping at his place at all. It was the way my Uncle Dick and my Uncle Joe used to work with him in the brewery in Cork before I was born, and my Uncle Dick induced him to go out to America with him to try their fortune. Mrs. Morony, she was Bridget Haly that time, was in Tralee, and her mother was old and she wouldn't leave her, and Thomas Morony was only pining for Bridgie all the while out there in Boston. So after he was six years away, and no sign of her following him, back he came and got a job in Brown's Mills, and Bridgie married him; and, the year after, when the mother died, with the three hundred pounds they had between them they bought the house and the

bit of land that I'm telling you about in Glenmills. I was an orphan myself, and living in Cork with my Uncle Joe and my Aunt Julia and their five young children, and it was how he took me out for a day that time to see Thomas Morony and his wife, and they kept me for a whole three weeks. There were wheels within wheels, I heard after, and Mrs. Morony had a great *gradh* for me, it seems, because my father, the Lord have mercy on him, always stood up for her when the others would be blaming her for staying with her mother and not going out to Boston to be married to Thomas. So it was easy for me to be a favourite with herself and himself, as you can see.

To make a long story short, however, Thomas Morony and I were up and off to early Mass at Farran Cross where the priest was that had the candle grease spattered on the front of his soutane. He preached an awful long sermon that morning; it was a kind of a speech with terrible long pauses in it, and I was sick and tired of it and wanting to be off out of his sight. He said that the people weren't bringing in enough oats for his horse, or hay or something, and that he'd make them. I never heard a sermon like that in the city, and when we came out I said to Thomas Morony: "Sure, that wasn't like a sermon at all?" And said he (I remember his very words): "It wasn't, then. I don't know what it was."

"He's an awful cross priest," said I again, for I was very persevering.

"Yerra, he's getting too old," said he, and "Killarney is over that way." I am only telling you about the priest to show you what sort Thomas Morony was and how he wouldn't be bothered running anyone down when there was no occasion, but he'd change the subject, like he did that time.

Well, sure, we caught the train, anyway, and we were into Killarney station by twelve o'clock. I never saw Thomas Morony in better humour. He had me by the hand nearly all the time, and we went into I don't know how many houses and a grand hotel, where a big tall man with a gold chain and a locket put his hand on my head, and Thomas Morony whispered to me, "A Member of Parliament," and I was as pleased as Punch to be looking at the man that would be over in London in the Houses of Parliament that was in the yellow book at home on the parlour table.

Nearly every house we went into, someone would know Thomas Morony. "And who is the child by you?" they'd say, and when he'd say that 'twas Mr. Lucy's son from the Weigh-house in Cork he had, they'd jump out and shake hands with me. "Yerra, Mr. Lucy's son?" His father was a fine decent man then," one would say. And some other one would nearly always say: "And an educated man." It was a great sign of respect that time, I think, to be spoken of like that, and, of course, my father was only from a national school, the Lord have mercy on him, but the old people all say he could read your thoughts he was so naturally talented.

"And have you th' ould dunkey yet?" another one would say to Thomas Morony. "I have so, and here's the boy to drive him," he'd answer. "Begor, I wouldn't doubt Dan Lucy's son," they'd say when they'd hear that, and I'd be as gay as a lark from all the love was around me.

I was after having five bottles of lemonade, and all the sweets nearly made me full up to the neck, so I didn't eat any more only jam cakes and things for a while, and you may say I was spending my "Examiner" money fast. Thomas Morony was getting to feel himself a bit full too, I thought, for I was after counting up what he had taken: two pints, a glass of whiskey, and nine bottles of porter. He was in grand humour, though, and he'd say to me every now and then: "How many is it now, David?" And I'd say eight or nine or ten as the case might be. Every-time I'd tell him the number he'd laugh out. "Begor, 'tis more every time," he'd say, and then we'd stop up again and "We'll go in here for a minute," he'd say, and I'd be delighted, for I was a curiosity always for going into strange houses. The last house we went into was near the station, and it was a very nice man was in the shop.

"Yerra, welcome, Mr. Morony," said he and we inside, and "that's a fine little boy, God bless him."

"'Tis Dan Lucy's son from the Weigh-house, in Cork," said Thomas Morony, and the man in the shop ran down to the door at the back, where the flour and meal was, and called out: "Mary, Mary, come in here till you see Mr. Lucy's son from the Weigh-house in Cork." Then he ran outside the counter and up to me and took me by the two hands. "Ah, then," said he, "it was your father was the fine decent man." He kept a hold of me with one hand all the time and went on speaking: "I remember one time I was in the city of Cork to buy that drainer is at the end of the counter there, and didn't I lose the train home from the Glanmire Station, and up with me then to Mr. Lucy at the weigh-house, and it wasn't the one night, but two whole nights I stopped with him, for he wouldn't leave me come away."

I left them talking in the shop, and the man's wife took me into the kitchen and gave me ginger wine, and I stopped there turning the handle of the wheel-bellows until I was out of breath; so I went back to the shop, and Thomas Morony said again: "How many is that now, David?"

"'Twas twelve outside in the street, anyway," said I, for I wasn't watching him since he came into the shop. They all laughed when I said it, only the woman pursed up her lips and gave a look sideways at me.

"You have a watchman in him, all right," said the man, and Thomas Morony said, "He has me nearly counted out." I got tired of being there then, and I began to pull Thomas Morony by the hand, and he finished off his glass of whiskey, and the woman was going to give me two pennies, but I turned away, and I noticed she pursed up her mouth and looked sideways at me again.

When we were outside after shaking hands with them, Thomas Morony said to me : " Why didn't you take what she was giving you, man ? You must always keep the women on your hands." I noticed how he said " man " to me that time, and I was delighted that he'd speak to me that way just like he spoke to the men he met. All I wanted now, though, was to be up to the station-house, and I didn't let go of his hand at all when he said : " We have time to go in here."

" Ah, don't go in any more," said I.

" You're the boss," said he, and we were just in the station gate. He was walking as steady as you or me, but he was getting a kind of drowsy, and I knew that he wanted to sit down. But he took his watch out of his pocket, and stood just inside the gate holding it in his hand and working his thumb across the glass as if he was trying to rub dust or something off of it. It was the way the sight was a bit scattered on him, I suppose, but anyhow, " 'Tis only five o'clock," said he, " we have nearly an hour yet." I got frightened for fear he'd want to go back into the town, but he didn't at all. " Come on down to the end of the platform," said he, " and we'll sit on the seat." We went down, and he wasn't there five minutes when he was dozing off. So I went up along a piece and got a couple of fine stones to be knocking chestnuts off the trees that were growing over the end of the platform. And, as young as I was, I thought to myself, wasn't it grand, after all, to be with a man that could carry the drink like Thomas Morony, and not be fighting and throwing up about the place like many you'd see in the city on a Saturday night ?

At a quarter to six, though, I ran down to him, and I had to give him a good shake, too, to wake him, but he jumped up, and we were into the train like a shot. I had a whole bundle of chestnuts with my handkerchief about them, and a big nail I pulled out of a box at the parcels office door. We had the carriage to ourselves, and I was able to spread out all my chessies on the seat, and I standing up piercing holes in them with the old nail and keeping the good ones for seasoners when I'd go back to Cork. I was standing with my back to Thomas Morony, and I didn't want to look out the window or anything I was so taken up with my chessies, but I heard him giving a queer kind of a yawn a couple of times behind me as if he was lonesome or something. I turned around to him. " Set down there and be talking to me," said he. So I began telling him how many I had, seven for " seasoning " and nineteen for playing conquerors with any boy I'd meet. But he was hardly noticing me at all.

" I must have a lot taken to-day, David ? " said he.

" You have two pints, a couple of glasses of whiskey, and nine bottles of porter anyway," said I, for I was delighted to be counting them up whenever he'd ask me.

" Was I long asleep ? " said he again.

" You were so," said I, " and the porter was going to wake you only I told him it was only drunk you were."

He looked at me very in earnest, and I was frightened for fear I was after saying something that wouldn't be right.

"Don't tell when I go in how many I had," said he. "She's the best little woman in Ireland."

I couldn't understand that kind of talk at all. What did he want praising her for? They were married, sure, and I never before heard a married person praising like that. Anyway, my aunt and uncle didn't ever say anything like that. What was up with Thomas Morony at all? He was after putting his head down in his two hands, and I thought he was nearly going to cry, and I felt just like I did the day the poor blind man was playing the fiddle outside my uncle's at Cork, it went through me. And then he raised up his head and said slowly and more to himself than anything else: "The best little woman in Ireland, and—not a chick or a child."

I remember every word as if it was yesterday and the feeling that came over me, but I didn't know from Adam what he meant. He was sorry he said it, I think, for he jumped up suddenly and danced a grand step on the carriage floor, and the dust rose up and made the two of us have a fit of coughing. "Look at that for you now, how limber I am," said he and he sitting back in the seat again. A couple of times more he did a step with his two feet only and he sitting down. "That's the style for you," he'd say and I nearly forgot the chessies trying to do a couple of fancy steps myself that he showed me in the carriage.

At last we were out at the junction and along the road, and then home. Mrs. Morony had the kettle on the turf a' one side, and there was a grand cream cake with a cloth about it on the dresser for fear 'twould get cold before we'd be in. But there was a thing on my mind now, and I couldn't rest, so out with me, the first chance I got, to the hen-house. I looked at the two coops and at the three or four old roosters that wouldn't ever go in, but remained on the long rafter overhead. And it was true what he said in the train! There wasn't a young chicken in the whole place! That was what he meant surely by "not a chick or a child." For, of course, I knew there was no child in the house, although I never cast a thought on it before, for I thought it must be grand for people to be married and to have only the two of themselves, and to be able to go out when they like, not like my aunt and uncle, and they always nearly in the house minding the baby. It was a pity, though, for Thomas Morony to have no chickens, for when the old hens would die there wouldn't be any left, and I knew he was very fond of fresh eggs. But I made up my mind to tell my uncle the very first thing when I went back to Cork, and then he'd buy young chickens in the shop in Broad Lane and send them out in a hamper to Thomas Morony, and there would be plenty eggs again.

Well, sure, that was my last night in Glenmills, and I was off to the city the next day with my four bits of heather for Aunt Julia, and the donkey's hind shoe that he cast at Finmor, to hang it up in the yard,

and three forks I had for catapults, and a bag of hurts they picked, for the children to be eating, before I came away, and all my chessies, and a magnifying glass that Thomas Morony told me I could keep when I found it inside the lining of a chair in the parlour, and a lot of little holy pictures Mrs. Morony gave me, only I let them fall out of my hand and I leaning out the window in the train, and I forget what else now.

It was all excitement, I needn't tell you, and I back at my uncle's again, and I told them about the chickens and the donkey and Killarney and everything, but when I asked my Uncle Joe would he buy the chickens in Broad Lane he only told me to have sense. And you know what boys are, and it nearly all went out of my head and I back at school in a new class at the Christian Brothers, with two boys terrible for fighting in the desk in front of me.

And it was only six months or so afterwards when I heard my uncle and aunt talking one night in the bed that it all came back to me, and it taught me a lesson that I'll never forget.

It was the way they were whitewashing at home, and I and my cousins, except the baby and her sister that they had in the cradle, were all clapped in together in the bed in the small room behind my aunt's. They left the door open for the air, for there was only a small little bit of a window, and the cats would be coming in through it. The strange bed, and not being comfortable like with my three cousins alongside me, made me cock my ears when I heard Aunt Julia and Uncle Joe talking away. My uncle said first : " The house is small, and 'tis older they'll all be getting, and if I was you I'd take Thomas Morony's offer and leave David go out to live with him altogether."

" Yerra, we're obliged to you ! " said Aunt Julia.

" Why not, then ? " says my uncle again, " and they longing to have him."

" He'll not go, I tell you," said Aunt Julia, fairly loud.

" Wouldn't it be a charity to them and they without a chick or a child ? " said my uncle again.

Aunt Julia answered him quick : " There's no use talking ; I won't leave that boy out of my sight again."

" Yerra, haven't we the house full of children ? " said my uncle.

Aunt Julia was cross, and she must have risen up or something, for I heard the bed rattle under her, and then she said : " David 'll stop here as well as our own. The poor child, and his mother dead and gone, I'm as fond of him as if he was my own, and I won't leave Bridgie Morony or anyone else take him from us, I tell you."

He didn't say anything for a while, and then he muttered like : " It's a woman always will be the hardest on a woman."

"Ah, then," said she, and she settled down in the bed nice and comfortable, "men do be always arg-ging and arg-ing about children, but a woman doesn't want to argue, for she knows!"

I fell asleep after that, but 'tis many a time through the years since I wake up and remember it. Would you believe it, I never saw poor Thomas Morony or Bridgie again, and maybe it was a good job. For I think they would have spoiled me with kindness, I was so gone about them that time; and my Aunt Julia was a shrewd woman and the best friend I ever had, for she kept me and reared me hard for the hard world that a man must live in.

Smaointe i gCéin.

Uiam ó flaitbheartaig do cum.

I.

Líon mo gól orm le brón
Is mé i bpaó i gcéin
San lóns san airgead san lón
Le filleadó ear muir.

II.

Óris deóra glasa faoi mo súil
Ar meabradó dam
Láir dearg an cruaidó-siubail
Is bótar le cuan.

III

Snát mara brataíde le peamainn úr
Fír láire de g cur alluis
Dá bailiuşad. Connaic mé an cubar
Ar sruet an Clochair.

IV.

Trom-coirce de cromadó faoi gaoi
Duilleabhar faoi órúct,
Cáinş meall uatbáis faoi mo croide
De cuimniuşad ortá.



THE FAIRY TALE.
By
JOSEPH KOLSCHBACH.

On Reading American Magazines.

By HENRY O'NEILL.

"WELL, you *are* a baby," he said as he passed my chair and saw me reading.

He answered my surprised eyebrows with vehemence :

"You don't read the *stories*! That's an American magazine, you read the *advertisements*."

Thus simply was I introduced to the most thrilling of all literary pastimes. Good as are American short stories, intriguing as are their titles, lurid their illustrations, all have long ago lost their charm for me. When I go to the particular counter in Eason's I no longer read the contents bill of that month's issue ; even the young lady on the cover eyes me in vain. To tell the whole truth, I feel that the insertion of all those articles and tales of love and adventure there, brazenly, among the advertisements is something bordering on sharp practice. If there were not advertisements on the back of every page of them I would have them all cut out before I took the thing home. Sheer vandalism is the word ! Contents bills are an affront to all true lovers of the only American art. I turn my magazine over, and if it has a good ad. on the back I buy it.

Then knowledge, rapture, and the true realism !

Open the thing anywhere, and if you do not jump or laugh or frown or shiver or look quickly to either side to see if they noticed it too—if you remain calm it is a case either of abnormally bad sight or of creeping paralysis. I finger my latest prize, and, lo ! a page of pastries in supernaturally natural colours, as if the Cinderella business had happened all over again and I was in time for the supper ! Overleaf I learn—something I had not the vaguest suspicion of—that So-and-So's Ox-Tail Soup has twenty-five ingredients which march in enchanting tints along the border of the page. I read that "it is easier than one would imagine to gain the charm of a beautiful skin," and wish I were the man proposing above the letterpress to the goddess who has it. If only I had twelve cents I could find out "the toilette secret that has made American hands the *prettiest* in the world," and because our currency is in ha'pence I must go to my grave in surmise. A young gentleman in his bath tells me that the brush with which he is scrubbing his back has sixty-nine uses which will be demonstrated in my home or place of business by another young gentleman—not in his bath, I trust—whom I can summon from San Francisco by postcard. A steaming plate of spaghetti is slyly headed "Delicious as if *you* cooked it."

Wealth is no protection against those invincible advertisers. You think, now that you have bought for her the most expensive motor car on the American market, your wife will be satisfied. Foolish fool ! Homes,

The Dublin Magazine.

mansions, palaces have been wrecked by the simple line: "Luxurious upholstery—that expresses your personality." Nor can you hope that she will not dare to ask that the car be upholstered in her personality. The Yankee serpent has the apple picked and ready before he begins to tempt. He puts the answer to all your protestations into her mouth:

"Decision on the mechanical end of automobiles can be safely left to the men-folks. But the choice of upholstery is a woman's prerogative."

Nothing *could* be more final.

No mercy mars these bright pages. What mother would not seize her hat—even her husband's hat—and run a dozen blocks for that particular syrup of figs which appears under the heartrending line:

"If you don't protect him, Mother, who will?"

Or is there a maternal soul which could rest, having read the heading, "The *human* way to dress a baby." Not even the tipster is spared. In a moment of penitence or penury he finds himself able to read, and the magic words smile up at him:

"We must strip a whole vine of its red, ripe treasure before we can select enough perfect, flawless"—he reads breathlessly on—"tomatoes to make a medium-sized bottle of Blue Label Ketchup . . ."

Oh! Lord.

Privacy is a byword to those splendid advertisement writers. Every private room has an all-glass door. Occupied bath-rooms are their speciality. Other generations were exalted at the music of some Russian demi-god: this age falls to "the vogue in colourful bath-towels"; and as you gaze at the picture you know that a bath will never be the same thing again without a "colourful towel" to match your all-over complexion as you step steaming on to the mat. You think that after forty-seven years you know what to do with your face in the mornings? Presumptuous worm! In flaming letters run the words:

"Do you know how to dry your face correctly after it is washed?"

Ninety-nine people out of a hundred instantly lose faith when the question is put to them, and read nervously on:

"If you value a good complexion don't scrub it and rub it as if you hated it, but wash your face lovingly and *pat* it dry."

A lump comes to your throat. For years you have wronged the only face you have. Thank God, it is not too late to change. Eagerly you devour the instructions. Alas! It is not enough to treat your own face as you have been treating hers. You must *pat* it dry with one towel only—and that is in Chicago, and will take weeks to come . . .

To all of a highly-strung temperament American magazines are an inexhaustible source of prostration. Having with watering mouth studied coloured plates showing the forty-three different ways in which

Hiram P. Somebody's ham can be cooked (it being a point of advertising etiquette that no other ham could possibly be cooked in any of these ways), you turn the page and see, shouting at you as if you had accidentally taken the side off a lunatic asylum, the three words :

"THE DRY PERIL."

Obviously, it is something worse even than the onward march of the Yellow nations. A list, perhaps, of the horrors which Prohibition has brought to every American home? No—just a cocoanut shampoo which saves your hair from splitting. Baldness can be avoided at too dear a price !

But there is a still darker side to all this. Page after page is filled with things "indispensable to the comfort of any home"—I had never thought of them before, but as I read I know, so well, that without them the word home is simply something to say to the jarvey. Yet not one of them is in my home, and, if I asked for them, the landlady would question me as to what I thought she was, which is something that can never be truthfully answered. All my illusions vanish as I plod from column to column. A series of circular pictures shows me the disaster which will overwhelm my crepe-de-chine if I fail to ask my chemist for the orange box with the pink label. In the past it was possible to enjoy a picnic off delph plates. Never again. A picture represents, unanswerably, the rapture to be attained by eating from wooden plates, while the print chants :

"The clean, beautiful, wooden plate reflects the very spirit of the wild-wood and adds a new delight to all outdoor collations."

This under the ravishing title : "The plate that gives the woodsy charm to picnic spreads." How could any man, subtle of soul, picnic in the old barbaric way again and miss the "woodsy charm"? I pass dreamily over the next few pages, and am shaken back from the wild-wood by the towering figure of a great green sphinx with an excellently kept set of very white teeth, and underneath, like the sonorous voice of an ill-buried Pharaoh, the words : "The Secret Revealed." And the secret for which the world has sought for æons is that unless I, Henry O'Neill, use a toothbrush of that particular curve—designed specially for my teeth—all is lost. Three pages further on all is more lost than ever unless I use a toothbrush curved in the opposite direction.

The Rathmines Town Hall clock is chiming 2 a.m. as I lay the magazine aside, throbbing with knowledge and hope; for I have just—at 1.45 a.m. to be exact—learned that my spare time is worth a dollar a minute. A dollar a minute ! I wonder would they want a reduction for a month?

Brian in Tir-na-nOg.

By HESTER PIATT.

BRIAN stood in the little grove on the hill slope tossing sixpence idly in his hand. He looked down at the well at his feet and saw the water-spiders darting to and fro across the smooth, clear water, but he was not thinking of the spiders, but of the sixpence and how best he could use it.

Should he save it up for the time when he meant to run away from his uncle's house and only shelter—for it could scarcely be called a home, since he got nothing in it but hard words, scanty fare, and unrelieved work? Loveless and hard had been his lot since he had been left an orphan in his uncle's charge, and it was worse then ever now, for at fourteen he had been taken from school and bade earn his keep on the farm and idle no more over books.

Sixpences were rare with him, and this earned by some service for a kindly neighbour, and the spending of it no light matter. He thought of Sheila O'Byrne, his little playmate and only confidant, and considered the question of buying her some sweets: sugar-sticks or chocolate instead. Poor Sheila, with her cross step-mother, whose "steele" of squalling, fighting children the little girl had to mind day and night. Sheila was worse off than himself—for it was rarely she could escape for a game or a ramble on the hillside, and in spite of scolding and blows she was such a jolly, brave-hearted little girl. Brian liked Sheila.

He looked down the valley, green, gold and brown in the sunset light. He was well acquainted with the old legends of his country, and knew that it was into this same valley of Glenasmole that Oisín had come riding on his fairy horse, in the ancient days, from Tir-na-nOg in all the splendour of youth and heroic strength. It was here, so the tale went, that his foot touched the soil of Erin, and he became, all in a moment, changed into an old, feeble, helpless man, "alone with grief and grey."

Brian was sorry for Oisín. "But wasn't he a fool to come back at all?" he thought. "If I were in Tir-na-nOg I'd never come back. There's nobody here I care if I never saw again. Unless it might be Sheila O'Byrne," he added after a pause.

He thought he would toss up to decide the matter.

"Head, I spend; harp, I save," he said, tossing the sixpence in the air.

Mo bhron, a wind caught it and it fell into the well. Down, down it went, skirling through the clear water into the darkness of its depths.

Brian felt himself too big a boy to cry. He dug his knuckles into his eyes to keep back the tears, and kicked a savage hole in the bank.

"What is your will, Noble Youth," said a voice beside him.

Brian gave a jump of surprise and swung round.

Beside the well stood a handsome young man, curiously dressed in an embroidered tunic of fine linen. He wore a gold band about his yellow curling hair and a flowing mantle of purple silk fastened by a circular brooch of gold.

"Why, where did you come from?" Brian asked in amazement, for he knew himself alone on the hill, and this youth was strange in dress and appearance.

"I came from the Underworld beneath the Well Water when you summoned me," replied the stranger, mildly.

"I—summoned—you!" repeated Brian in surprise.

"Did you not send a silver token through the Well?"

"I did, indeed," answered Brian, ruefully.

"By such a token am I called," said the youth. "Tell me now your desire, for I may not delay in the World of Men."

Brian now saw that this was no human youth, but a messenger from Fairyland, and that the wish he offered was a fairy one. He remained silent for a moment, partly from astonishment, partly because he wanted so many things he did not know what to choose.

In stories one usually wished for gold or the hand of a princess in marriage under such circumstances. But Brian felt that his miserly uncle would quickly possess himself of gold, and he was even more certain that he did not want the hand of a princess. "Trailing about in grand clothes with a crown on her head," he thought; "I would rather have Sheila any day."

The fairy youth stirred restlessly. In a panic lest he should disappear without granting him a wish, Brian gazed wildly down the valley. Suddenly he thought of Oisín.

"I want to go to Tir-na-nOg," he exclaimed.

"*Tá go maí. Is féidir liom é sin a déanamh,*" said the youth, for, of course, they spoke in Gaelic.

The fairy youth then put his arm about Brian, drawing his silken cloak over the two of them, and bade him leap with him into the well.

Brian shut his eyes as the water closed over them, and they went down, down through the grey water.

When he opened his eyes he found himself seated in a silver curragh with the fairy youth and they were sailing along an underground river. Grey rocks closed over their heads and there was but a dim light like the glimmer before the dawn. The river was ink-black and bore them swiftly along, and Brian saw many strange sights as they passed the caves and corridors and fissures on either side of the river.

He saw the gnomes digging for treasures and making new tunnels and passages through the earth; he caught a glimpse of the Lepracaun hobbling along as though in haste with a string of tiny dancing shoes about his neck. Once he heard the tapping of a thousand little feet dancing overhead and music which made his heart ache with its sweetness.

And in a cave near the end of the river he beheld a sea-maiden with gleaming white arms and long green hair draw over her body a garment of dark fur, and slip into the water in the shape of a seal.

Then, at last, the air grew bright with daylight. Brian felt the salt, cool breeze on his brow, and the river rushed through a sea cavern and mingled with the waters of the western ocean.

And now the curragh sped forward over the bright, glancing waves, and it neither stopped nor halted for fair weather or foul until it came into the pale, windless, misty waters of the Enchanted Sea, and here Brian saw again many strange things and visions that passed by like dreams in a night.

There was a youth playing hurley with a silver camán and a golden ball. He struck the ball and it sped over the smooth water until it was lost in the misty distance and he with it. Again, Brian saw a riderless white horse galloping over the surface of the sea, its pleated gold reins flying loose, and when that passed a white hare went by, followed by a hound. Then appeared a beautiful queenly maiden weeping bitterly and wringing her hands.

But Brian's fairy companion, who was called Lugh, told the boy to take no notice of any of the strange things he saw.

"For they are but pictures of the past floating between sea and sky, and have no more substance than a dream," he said.

At last they saw in the distance a beautiful isle with purple mountains whose high peaks were lost in a golden mist. As the curragh drew near they beheld many emerald green valleys and many deep forests, and above the beach a wide grassy lawn where youths and maidens were dancing to the sweet music of harps. On the seashore little children were playing in the golden sand, running to and fro from the curling waters, and the laughter of the children mingled with the laughter of the little waves.

"That is a pleasant island," said Brian.

"No marvel you should think so," answered Lugh, "for this is Tir-na-nOg."

It was with great wonder and delight that Brian leaped upon the shore of this wonderful land as the curragh touched the beach, and when the children saw him they stopped their play and gazed at him in round-eyed wonder—the smaller ones holding the white garments of their bigger comrades and peeping from behind them like little rabbits.

But the youth and maidens ceased their dancing and music and came down from the green lawn and gave them a welcome and greeting without question in the old courtly fashion of ancient Eire. And they led him to a pleasant guest-house, where he found ready baths, silk-covered resting couches, and tables spread with delicious food and drink. Here were also garments of fine linen and silk and rich cloaks of many colours, and he was glad to take off his suit of rough homespun and dress himself like the rest of the company in that country.

When he was ready Lugh took him over that island of wondrous

beauty. They went across hills of purple heather, through deer-haunted forests of sweet-breathing trees bearing delicious fruits, and over flowery plains and valleys, musical with the singing of rivers and the murmur of crystal fountains. And they saw many noble limewhite mansions and many happy people engaged in sports and pastimes on the smooth green lawns in front of them.

At last they came to the Palace of the Kings which was situated on a great plain in the centre of the island. And this Palace was very strange and wonderful, for it was surrounded by many coloured pillars and roofed with the bright plumage of strange birds. There were halls of feasting, where your choice of food and drink appeared before you in dishes of gold and goblets encrusted with gems. There were halls of resting, and bright Greinans, where the queens and noble maidens sat at their embroidery. In the centre of the Palace was a fountain of water which threw out varied perfumes and changing colours, and a clear sparkling stream ran through the great central hall from east to west.

But Brian took little heed of the wonders of the Palace; he did not notice the tapestries which hung the walls, worked with thread of many colours into scenes of beauty, nor the many strange and lovely flowers which bloomed outside, where birds sang in the scented sunlight, for he was looking with awe and wonder at the assembly of the kings and queens and heroes of ancient Eire.

For on the green plain outside the Palace were a great gathering engaged in sports and games and pleasant conversation. Here Deirdre walked by Naisi's side, the sorrows gone from her beautiful eyes, and Fionn the Wise and Diarmuid the Well-beloved sat playing at chess in friendly rivalry, while Bran lay at their feet, well content to see the two he loved best at peace. Cuchulain, slender, beautiful, and mighty, was engaged in feats of marvellous skill for the instruction and amusement of a group of youths, and ever and again the Grey of Macha lifted her head from the sweet grass to neigh a greeting to her beloved master. Proud Maeve, grown gentle-eyed, sat in a bower with mild Emer, each working on a great piece of exquisite embroidery, and you could hear, now and then, a peal of silvery laughter as they conversed pleasantly together.

And many other renowned heroes and beautiful ladies, as well as many kings and chiefs of ancient times, Brian saw in that assembly.

So he lived many days and months and years in Tír-na-nÓg, though the time passed like a happy day, and he forgot Ireland and everyone in it—even little Sheila.

He was welcome and kindly treated by everyone, for there was no evil either of body or of mind in that pleasant place. There was neither pride, nor quarrelling, nor jealousy, nor hatred there, and no man suffered pains nor sickness, none grew old, none died.

Brian joined in all the sports and pastimes, and grew skilful in feats of championship. He hunted the spotted deer through the leafy forests and over the hills of purple heather and golden gorse. He feasted with

kings and heroes in the great halls of the Palace, and listened to the poets and bards chanting tales of old battles in Eire long ago, and praises of the kings and heroes of the Gael.

But one day as he walked the shores with Lugh, after swimming in the sunny waters of the sea, he noticed a small speck approaching from the rim of the Enchanted Sea, and as it came nearer he saw it was a bird.

"It is one of the white birds of Angus," said Lugh.

"It is a seagull," said Brian.

"It is a bird of Angus bearing a message," repeated Lugh.

But when the bird approached the isle they saw that it was flying very slowly as if weak and weary, and it came straight towards them and flew into Brian's breast, and as he clasped his hands over it it died. And then Brian remembered Ireland and little Sheila with love and longing, and the tears gushed from his eyes on the white wings of the bird.

"I must go back to Ireland," he said.

"You must go back in truth," answered Lugh gravely, "for neither death nor tears have any place in Tir-na-nOg."

And so Brian bade farewell to that happy and wonderful island and to that gay and noble company who sped him with as much courtesy and cheerfulness as they had welcomed him, for the sorrow of parting was unknown to them with all grief. And, strange to say, Brian could himself feel little regret, for he had suddenly realised a great loneliness among these fairy people. And when he looked on the smooth, perfect features of the beautiful maidens and pressed their white silk-soft hands in parting, he thought with longing of Sheila's little freckled face and the warm human clasp of her small work-roughened fingers.

Then Lugh took him in the fairy curragh back again over the pearly, windless Sea of Enchantment and across the tossing waves of the western ocean, through the Underground River, until they stood again by the Well on the hillside of Glenasmole, and there they parted, and the fairy youth disappeared down through the Well Water, and Brian remained alone looking down the valley, green and gold and brown, in the sunset light.

He thought only of Sheila. Would she be glad to see him? What if she had gone away? What if she were dead? He did not know how long he had been in that timeless land! Fear seized him that he might share Oisín's fate, but he felt himself to be full of strength and vigour, and as he looked into the mirror of the Well he saw the face, not of a boy, nor of an old man, but of a youth in the strength and pride of early manhood.

Then Brian ran down the mountain side and across the valley, and it did not take him long to reach the little field before the cottage where Sheila had lived. He looked everywhere for a sign of the little girl, but saw no one but a tall young woman leaning on the gate looking towards the sunset. As he watched her, there appeared something about her strangely familiar, and, as she lifted her white apron to wipe her eyes, for she seemed to be crying, he saw that it was Sheila O'Byrne.

“Why, what’s wrong with you, Sheila?” he cried out, and rushed over to her, forgetting everything but her trouble.

She started and gave a little scream.

“Oh, Brian, I was just thinking you’d never come back,” she cried, and put her two little hands in his, laughing and crying at once. “But, indeed,” she went on, “I ought not to speak to you at all after the way you went off without a word, and I suppose it’s only the notice in the American papers that brought you back now.”

“What notice? I know nothing. Tell me, Sheila; you must forgive me, for I couldn’t let you know where I was.”

“Well, your uncle, God rest him, died a year ago and left a heap of money, they say, besides the house and land, and the lawyer people are advertising for you as the next-of-kin. But, my goodness,” she added, looking down at his clothes, “what a very odd kind of suit you’re wearing. Is it some grand kind of pipers’ band you have joined or what?”

Brian put back his head and laughed as he had never laughed in Tir-na-nOg.

“It is not, then,” he said. “Everyone wore those kind of things where I was, and grander ones, too.”

“And I suppose there were lots of grand, beautiful ladies there as well?” asked Sheila, wistfully.

Brian looked into her frank loving eyes, and said:

“There were, Sheila, but not one of them half so beautiful as you.”

“Ah, now, you’re making fun of me!” exclaimed the girl.

But Brian was quite in earnest, and he remained under the same illusion—if it was one—all his life, even when Sheila changed from a youthful bride, with the passing years, into an old wife by his side. Though, in truth, no one, except, perhaps, her children, ever thought Sheila’s kind and pleasant face beautiful. But it is said that love is blind, and so it must be—or else it sees clearer than anything else.

And I do not think Brian ever regretted leaving Tir-na-nOg, nor ceased to bless the white gull, or bird of Angus, which had called him back to Ireland and the true love that waited him there, even when his children grew up and left the peaceful valley for the world outside, and Sheila lay in her quiet grave, leaving him at last like Oisín, “alone with grief and grey.”

The Design of Dublin.

By J. F. MacCABE, M.A. (Dubl.).

SOME thirty years ago the electric tram came to Dublin. The opening of the twentieth century brought a wide extension of the city boundaries towards the north and east. Since that event there has been stagnation, punctuated by destruction. The latter is too tragic to write about, and the stagnation arose from a number of causes so varied that everyone in general and nobody in particular must bear the blame. Now the deadlock has been broken, and the whole question of the city boundaries and administration is up for judgment. Development arrested for a quarter of a century would at any time be a serious matter, but it must be remembered that in the years since 1900 the motor car commenced a social revolution, the culminating point of which is not yet even in sight; and these same years witnessed a stirring of social consciousness all over the world. The "Town Planner" appeared—a clumsy and, indeed, unfortunate name to give to a Renaissance. But behind the activities of these reformers, whether their concern was with spacious boulevards or the laying out of garden suburbs, was a fierce recoiling against the blunders and crimes of the industrial age. The slum, social unrest, and a high infantile mortality were the price paid for industrial supremacy, and we here in Dublin have paid, and still are paying, that price, but the material award has eluded our grasp.

This inaction during so many years may easily turn out a blessing in disguise. If we have left things undone, we are not faced with the necessity of undoing substantial and expensive undertakings. And a city and suburban system designed in the days when the motor car was the luxury of the wealthy would inevitably require drastic re-casting. And with the material development of the motor came the infinitely more important awakening of civic conscience and spirit. All over Europe work and thought were expended without stint to do away with the slum and the semi-slum. In days remembered by men quite young it was thought proper to pull down a swarming and dilapidated rookery, and erect on the site barrack-like buildings with perfectly appointed sanitary arrangements and a strict regard to existing bye-laws as to cubic capacity of rooms and the like. It was well said that this was not housing but "warehousing" the workers. The suburban cottage and garden is now rather the ideal aimed at. And, of course, an immense mass of experience has accumulated from all quarters, and is available to all. The Commissioners now inquiring into the problems of Dublin will certainly not find themselves hampered by lack of evidence. Rather will they be embarrassed by a superabundance. And they will be able to follow what is put before them. The signification of this last remark will be

very clear to those who have had any experience of presenting a local case before a Parliamentary Committee at Westminster. No matter how well a map is prepared, and how carefully studied, it cannot take the place of local knowledge. An individual with, say, local interests at Howth is not helped in the presentation of his case when he finds that the chairman mispronounces the name of that little town.

In referring to the years when nothing was done in Dublin, it should at once be pointed out that the remark does not apply to the Port. The development of the Port of Dublin has nearly always been continuous since the days when the Danes beached their galleys (near where Dame Street is now) at the "Black Pool," and thus gave Dublin its name. The Port has moved towards the east and the deep water steadily and continuously, and this movement is still in progress; and at the same time that the depth of water over the bar was increased and quayage extended, reclamation of the foreshore went on and the area of Dublin thereby enormously increased. Indeed, in essence, the old city of Dublin possesses only two physical features—a river and a ridge. This latter is where Dublin Castle stands and where Christ Church and St. Patrick's are built. The site of the Castle was chosen for purely military reasons, as the ridge dominated the river and the town, and the church-builders of old never made a mistake in the selection of a site. They built a church where it could be seen, and in this connection there is a lesson for us all which we should learn. London has produced the Cathedral at Westminster. The Anglican Church has given the Christian world a Neo-Gothic Cathedral at Liverpool. Whether our tastes in architecture follow on Byzantine or other lines, we must agree rejoicingly that these great temples have been built in our time. But surely Ireland should join in. This island, which obtained the name, not lightly, as an abode of saints and scholars and missionaries, must of necessity show that it still turns to the things that are not of this world. Faith in the things that are eternal should be displayed. The Cathedral so long desired should now be built. And where should it be placed? The answer appears simple. On the one spot which dominated Dublin so long for purely strategic reasons—adjoining the Castle. The rest of the old city is flat reclaimed ground. Cork Hill stands alone for purely physical reasons, it being a natural height. Build the Cathedral anywhere else and it will be hard to see it. But be guided by the centuries-old example of the great men who, unerringly, built not one but two churches on this ridge, and you will be building, not on artificial man-made ground, but on an eminence provided by Nature herself. And a great Cathedral built there would dominate the city and be seen even from afar off at sea. It is not for nothing, or without meaning, that charts and sailing directions are full of information for the mariner as to the bearings of church spires on the coasts. Factory chimneys are also noted for similar purposes, but there is every reason to believe that these smoke-producing abominations will pass. The spires will not. We are, in this country, prone to disagree

over the location of anything and everything, whether it be an Art Gallery, a Post Office, or a Parliament House. Here appears to be a clear case. The site is the only, physically, commanding one. It is almost clear ground, in public ownership, and such small portions as must be acquired are not valuable, either financially or otherwise. Any other possible site could only be acquired at a cost which would run into many hundreds of thousands of pounds. We can afford neither the expenditure, and much less any further disturbance of existing premises used for business. The fissiparous tendency existing in Ireland can hardly display itself on this particular site question. And if the re-beginning of Dublin is temporal and not spiritual, it is time to despair. Ireland would then be false to her dearest tradition. But Ireland should lead again. She possesses a Celtic-Byzantine tradition of church architecture which can out-shadow the now somewhat anæmic remnants of the Norman or Gothic style. And it is time that the old methods of construction are departed from. The change is happening even now. St. Paul's and the older Lincoln Cathedral are being stabilised and restored by the modern methods of reinforced concrete and the cement "gun." It should not be necessary to follow too slavishly the undoubtedly great men who went before us. They built with the materials they had. Great craftsmen plied hammer and chisel, and so the stones were dressed and put into place. Our modern buildings largely come from the factory, the foundry, and the rolling mill ; so we should build our churches in our own fashion. To build so has an exact precedent. An older temple " was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither, so that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building." This method, then as now, is the only way towards quick construction, and, indeed, reconstruction.

A secularised Dublin is a thing no one should wish to see. Even the most perfectly developed system of trunk, radial, and circular roads would merely deal with motor traffic. Their ancillaries would, no doubt, be convenient churchyards for the interment of the victims of a race which recognised only motors and materialism. But the Ireland which always accepted a creed, and resented, sometimes rather vehemently, statutory enactments, cannot get very far away from her own eidolon.

A guarded condemnation of the term " Town Planning " has been written above. It is a word which has come, and it is hard to get rid of now. But it is terribly misleading. Nearly everyone who meets with it instantly believes that a town can be " planned " on the drawing board with horizontal, vertical, and curved lines. Worse still, they believe that the bettering of a town is a matter for engineers and architects to do in their drawing offices. A more fundamental mistake could not be made. They selected their words better in the years gone by. Perhaps they had more time and a more selective taste even in Victorian times. " The Towns Improvement Act " by its very title proclaimed its inner meaning. To make a new town or improve an old one never was and

never will be the work of the professional man. The latter is a necessary aid in his own proper order, but town arranging or improving is social work, only to be done by the body politic itself. To model Dublin on New York, London, or Paris would be an obvious absurdity, but the danger is ill-selected imitations on a wholesale scale. We can see the beginnings of it here. But, of course, it would be equally folly not to absorb and adapt the experience of other cities in such ways as are locally suitable. And, above all things, let people remember that our city, like every other city, is a place where human beings live and have their being. The engineers, the architects, and the road-makers fill in details. They cannot put human life on their drawing-boards. The architects can set down inspiration, indeed, but it is from human life they derive it. No, the people themselves must work out their own problems and wants. Cities that are, indeed, cities cannot be "planned" in the cold way that their water supply and sewerage system is and must be done. Professor Patrick Geddes, who is the real leader of this modern crusade for better towns and better living, is keenly alive to the handicap inflicted by a bad name. For "Town Planner" he now writes "Eutopitect"—an old word, but none the worse for that. Sir Thomas More (the friend and fellow-wit of Erasmus) first wrote of "Eutopia"—the place where things were *well*. Sorrow and disappointment somewhat soured him, and his great work was published under the name of "Utopia." That is to say, "Nowhere." And there he put his picture of a well-ordered state. Perhaps we all think like that sometimes.

But a badly-selected name is a curse to any cause. The evil use of the word "plan" has made people think that a task which is really theirs may safely be relegated to professional men, who are really the servants, and in no sense the masters or even leaders of the people. They may sometimes supply the suggestive vision, but if the people have not the substance of that themselves they will, without doubt, perish.

As counterpoint to the use of an unhappily selected word (now, unfortunately, made permanent on the statutes), consider the case of title selected in Dublin by a Dublin engineer who by word and deed accomplished more for modern housing in Dublin than any other single individual. In the days before the European War the great trouble of the enlightened housing reformer in Dublin was to try and persuade entirely well-meaning, but extremely ill-informed, people that if a slum area was abolished, a new slum, however sanitary, should not be erected on the site thereof. The suggestion of building on the outskirts of the city was construed as an attempt to lay waste historic old Dublin. Arguments as to overcrowding and the evils of over-densely populated areas were dismissed as the talk of reformers delirious with desire to "take the people too far from their way of earning a living." Indeed, some of the prophets came near to being stoned. But Mr. F. P. Griffith declined to become more than coldly and righteously angry. He evolved and set out his theorem of the "Time-Distance Curve." A stroke of genius, of course, because no

one could possibly argue against such a formidable expression, redolent of the higher mathematics, without getting and listening to an explanation. And the answer was a map of Dublin, not drawn to an ordinary scale of so many inches to the mile, but to a time scale. If a place was close, but no tram service, then the man who perforce had to walk was really further away "from his way of earning a living" than the individual physically miles further off who had a good tram service at his disposal. And if places equally situated as regards time were set down on a time-scale map, the result was, indeed, startling. It appeared to be the work of a demented draughtsman, but it was, nevertheless, the representation of things as they are. And every improvement in transit, either in amount or in speed, requires a re-drawing of the map on the Time-Distance scale. A joining up of different points produces the Curve which, from its eccentricity alone, demands instant attention. Mr. Griffith's method is now substantially adopted by the London Traffic Branch of the Board of Trade for a parallel purpose. Professor Abercrombie also uses it in at least one of his published Civic Surveys, but speaks of "Time Zone" and "Isochronic" diagrams. The terminology of the originator of the thought appears preferable from every aspect.

It should be remembered that the relation of transport to housing is not merely a constant factor, but is strangely reversible. One may build where there are good communications established. This is the obvious course. But if one builds first, the communications will follow. Near Dublin, the Killester Garden suburb was built, nearly two hundred and fifty houses, and in the beginning the transport could not be described as good; but very soon a special railway station was built, and a really good motor bus service came into being—a fitting compliment to the originator of the Time-Distance-Curve, who as far as the same Killester occupies the position of *causa causans*. But every house, or at least every group of houses built, introduces a complicating feature into the road and traffic problem. Already the Dublin traffic presents inconvenience, and, indeed, difficulties. But before fantastic remedies, such as the removal of all our statues and the abolition of Nelson's Pillar, are tried, it would be well to lean a little on the lessons derived from the use of common sense and a little study of conditions and experience elsewhere. It is now accepted that by far the greatest traffic obstructor on any street anywhere is a tram-car; and the tram-car is, perhaps, the most common object on the Dublin streets. What delays a tram more than anything else and inconveniences its passengers to exasperation, particularly during the "rush hours"? The fact that passengers have to get on and off by the same platform. But a tram has two ends, but only one is used at a time. Why not make passengers get off at one end and get on at the other? In certain cases it is being done now, and here in Dublin, and it works with an ease and a saving of time that afford a clear indication of the benefits that would accrue from its universal adoption. If room is required for parcels, or if a Board of Trade bye-law decrees that a tram driver must occupy a

position of splendid isolation, or if it is considered undesirable to discharge passengers on the right-hand side, the extension of the platforms is a work neither costly nor difficult. And it would save minutes on every tram run. The aggregate saving in public time and traffic blocking would be enormous. And there is another side-issue to the traffic problem. Curses and conversations in Dublin must be loud if they are to be heard above the roar of the horse-drawn heavy steel-tyred lorries going over the stone setts. Inhabitants of many offices have to instal sound-proof telephone boxes in order to conduct their business. And a bitter cry goes up for wood-pavement everywhere. But the expense would, of course, be prohibitive, at present, at any rate. But the problem is not insoluble by any means. Make the offending vehicles fit rubber tyres. The expense to the owners would not be a serious matter, and would be recouped to them in increased haulage powers and diminished wear and tear of their vehicles. The owner of a motor has to pay a heavy direct tax for the use of the roads, and the horse-drawn vehicle certainly owes something to the public, their ears and their nerves.

(To be concluded.)

Slingstones.

By MICHAEL SCOT.

THE historical novel in Europe, like many other literary forms, has at present an apparent tendency towards losing in harmony for the sake of gaining in strength. On the whole, the age grows more grave and less gracious. The centuries are gamblers that stake their possessions to win more gold, and there will always be people to bewail the profligate risking of the ancient heritage for any coveted wealth. Indeed, the present time is inclined to brag of its gains and to disparage its losses, till the onlooker, however sincerely impressed by the new riches, turns with relief to those artists who still strive to win back something of that old, gradually disappearing treasure of stateliness and ease. Such an artist is Elinor Wylie, author of the recently-published "*Jennifer Lorn*," * a historical novel of an unusual kind. That earlier charm, impersonal yet intimate, is perceptible in this book. It is, indeed, a somewhat amazing and rare piece of work—a fine example of the possibilities of suggesting both force and amplitude in miniature. The figures have the fragility of the conceptions in "*The Rape of the Lock*," but they are treated with a depth that belongs to the twentieth century. The porcelain is roseate with emotion. The blade of satire, light and slender as a woman's embroidery needle, is drawn not for duelling glory, but for compassion. Such sword-play calls forth tears rather than smiles for its applause.

Even the title and sub-title hold a whispered echo of the subtle melody of the book—"Jennifer Lorn : A Sedate Extravaganza"—a cry of pitiful loveliness adrift on soft-gleaming airs of mingled fantasy and wit.

If compelled to risk a judgment as to the origin of this work, I should hazard guessing it to be Celtic. It arouses the same sense of marvel that is aroused by looking at the old masterpieces of illumination. We are aware of an ethereal precision, a wan clarity of colour, of the epic forms of life and death subdued by a quill-feather, swirled down in airy scrolls and spirals, and tossed floating above their myriad reflections, on the shining surface of a vellum page.

Enrique Larreta's novel, "*The Glory of Don Ramiro*," † is a good example of a work enriched by the real wealth that modernity has brought to the historical novel. This Spanish-American, with, perchance, the mingled blood of the Parnassians and the Symbolists of France running in his literary veins, has been able to draw close to life through both form and colour.

* *Jennifer Lorn : A Sedate Extravaganza.* By Elinor Wylie. Grant Richards, London.

† *The Glory of Don Ramiro : A Life in the Times of Philip II.* Translated from the Spanish by L. B. Walton. Price 7s. 6d.

The novel is comparable to the work of Merejkowski. Both writers have the same incredible super-scholarly powers of research. Of the two, the Spaniard is the more successful in completing the reconstructive miracle with the touch of life, and in preventing the characterisation from being shadowed and dwarfed by the huge masses of material dug up from the centuries. However colossal the accumulations collected by Larreta, he generally succeeds in unifying them by one or both of the two salient qualities of his gift—his power of evoking atmosphere, and his deep sense of the Spanish national temperament.

Don Ramiro, bathed in the very light and colour of his age, seen with the modern vision, possesses a circumambient fire, fierce enough to fuse all the gigantic results of his creator's excavations, and to render it unimportant that the minor characters about him are only slightly and spasmodically endowed with life. There is a strength and magnitude of scope about the novel that reminds one that the author comes to Europe as an embassy from the Argentine. The uprush and the feeling of dynamic reserves noticeable in much American literature to-day are to be felt in the book, as also are the particular gleam and colour of some recent Spanish-American work.

This feeling of energy, unexpended and exuberant, is no longer quite European. Vigour of the same kind emanates from the magazine, "Vision," * from Australia. With mingled admiration and horror one watches this young centaur bursting forth from the bush to kick his heels amid the priceless objects and the imitation rubbish in the china-shop of Europe—an exercise which in the language of his time he calls "re-valuation." Some of the kicking and crashing about may irritate those who are not appreciative of the comeliness of the centaur, or persuaded that the fairest of the china is far out of reach of these impudent hooves. The magazine is, in fact, a most stimulating product. It has some æsthetic aims that warm the heart. In their pursuance it shows an inequality of achievement that corroborates its reiterated claims to essential youth. Such reckless gallops up the steep slopes of the sublime, such sudden plunges over the most precipitous descents of the ridiculous, require sound lungs and elastic sinews.

The avowed primary object of the magazine is "to provide an outlet for good poetry and for any prose that liberates the imagination by gaiety or fantasy."

Speaking generally of the matter in the numbers under review (as it is, perhaps, permissible to speak when dealing with a periodical which requires every contributor to be stamped with so definite a hallmark), the poetry is of a very much higher quality than the prose. The prose, on the whole, is stimulating rather than excellent. Much of it is so full of immature sound and hobbledehoyish fury that one is tempted, as a mere counter-demonstration, to jump rashly to the conclusion that it all signifies

* Vision : A Literary Quarterly : The Vision Press, Sydney.

nothing. Yet here and there emerges some ardency of thought, and a little creative criticism.

The poetry is nearly all good, and can claim the ancestry that Mr. George Moore demands of true poetry. These poems are certainly "born of admiration of the only permanent world, the world of things." Read as a whole, the poetry leaves on the ear a music that keeps pace with the merry riot of fauns, the strong pack of centaurs, the flying shoals of mermaids, wherewith the pages are illustrated by Norman Lindsay. This superiority of the poetry to the prose seems an excellent portent for the paper. Tradition in this country at least has never had any doubts but that the horse should be put a long way before the cart. If Pegasus only appear first, then even the sorriest of yokes dragged in his empyreal wake is liable, sooner or later, to be kindled to a chariot of fire.

One cannot but feel after a careful examination of the work of these Australian writers, that their views on art are akin to those expressed by Mr. George Moore * in his recent thesis. Mr. Moore's discreet banner of "objective poetry" is surely woven of a material almost similar to that used for the flaunting standard of "the æsthetic of vitality, of concrete beauty," set up by the editors of "Vision." The latter's repudiation of all artists who "deal purely with abstractions," and who "are considered 'spiritual' because they deal with a vague condition of sense," may be compared with Mr. Moore's discovery of the ephemeral nature of ideas, thoughts, reflections. Indeed, Mr. Moore's central phrase, "innocency of vision" (applied to the power of concentrating the creative regard on "the only permanent world, the world of things," so as to produce poetry), holds, both in sound and in meaning, a mild, a rather confused reverberation of the thunderous Australian "Vision" (defined as "the power of mental sight that defines the concrete image, and has nothing to do with visions").

No one, of course, is surprised to find Mr. Moore, over his after-dinner coffee and cigar, chatting of things akin to those the young men of Australia are simultaneously trumpeting from their primeval forests as the newly-revealed principles of a world renaissance in art.

No one is surprised, because everyone knows that Mr. Moore's conversation is susceptible in this way. That calm lake of sophisticated speech is always apt to ruffle soberly, but responsively, to the cyclones, however distant, of youth, and to wrinkle faintly, yet sympathetically, at the latest breezes, however light, of modernity.

It is not possible to know how or why this should be so. From such evidence as he himself offers us, it might be theorised that Mr. Moore assimilates such things in the guise of scarce-perceptible flavours detected by his epicurean palate in delicacies, characteristic of the zones where the air-disturbances occur, and freshly arrived for his eclectic

* Pure Poetry : An Anthology. Edited by George Moore. The Nonesuch Press, London. 17s. 6d.

table. It may be that he was recently sent from Australia some perfectly refrigerated black swan, some white eagle, admirably frozen, some marsupial dainty, marvellously embalmed in blue gum.

"My dear A, these dishes have never been eaten in London before. Londoners are too stupid to swallow any eagles less black than the Prussian variety, any swans of a less notorious candour than those of my dear friend, X.Y.Z. I understand that even the ancients, to whom we owe our civilization, and to whom we are inferior in all the arts, were unaware of the existence of these black swans. Indeed, I should be sorry for the Dean of St. Paul's, or any other eminent Christian, to see this delicious fable of Paganism in process of demolition. But what a happy circumstance that we should be in a position to avenge Prometheus by devouring the liver of an eagle. *Audax Iapeti genus*: the first revolutionary against prejudice and convention remains uncelebrated by the modern world. This kangaroo to which I am helping you only arrived from the bush last Saturday. I am assured that every nuance of the distinctive flavour is preserved by this aromatic gum. Kangaroo and opossum are not unlike, but opossum comes a long way after kangaroo."

Something of the sort one imagines him murmuring while all the time he was imbibing unconsciously with these unusual fumes and savours, a disguised aesthetic nutriment that, when assimilated, was to set his urbane conversation rippling in unison with the turbulent thought of contemporary Australia.

In opposition to the above theory one might attempt to account for these conversational undulations by the apparently unlikely explanation of some conscious swaying, some definite unbending of Mr. Moore's well-balanced mind towards an upstart continent. It would be unwise to reject this speculation on the grounds of its first appearance of improbability. It may be that the missionaries of the new movement have prevailed on Mr. Moore to accept some sort of semi-episcopal jurisdiction in Europe. And if this should turn out to be so, they could hardly have made a better choice. The leniency of his preaching is better suited to our decadent continent than are the terrible imprecations of the Australian Visionaries. The latter sing sweetly enough, but their preaching voices tend to stridency. So fanatical a horde sweeping Europe with their slightly too-insistent dogma would almost certainly provoke the irritable and effete races into dangerous opposition. It is even to be feared that some type of literary martyrdom might become a perverse vogue amongst the more stubborn of the decadents.

But if the conversion of Europe has been delegated to Mr. Moore we need not take alarm. Already, by confining his judgments to particular works, he has succeeded in blessing many artists that the more thorough-going "Vision," which judges by general character, has relentlessly excommunicated. For instance, a perusal of "Vision" shows us that Milton, Shelley, and Swinburne are all utterly banned by the

implacable Australian group; Villon is damned with faint pardons, Manet is despised as lukewarm, if orthodox, and Botticelli is singled out as a most pernicious and representative heretic. But in Mr. Moore's pages things do not look nearly so threatening. Milton, Shelley, and Swinburne have all managed to "creep, intrude, and climb into the fold" of "Pure Poetry." Botticelli has gained a prefatorial benediction, Villon is enshrined in the very heart of the thesis, and Manet has obviously been given a special indulgence. In fact, it will be seen that signs are not wanting to awaken the suspicion that Mr. Moore, cognisant of the coming of the new Inquisition, is trying to save a few victims from the prospective *auto-da-fé* by seeking out and publishing to the world their few just works.

If such be the case, we cannot be too thankful to have secured so mild a missionary. Europe, one gathers, is the area where most of the heresy originated. The more famous of the heretics have there a certain following who are likely from purely sentimental reasons to wax argumentative. A certain laxity, in dealing with this kind of thing, is indubitably expedient.

No more diplomatic evangelist could have been chosen than Mr. Moore. Calmed and delighted by the spell of his pellucid prose, Europe would surely submit without resistance to conversion. However new and strange the principles announced, these modulated tones could not fail to make them acceptable. Here is nothing loud or shrill, nothing extravagant or maledictory. All is suave, yet familiar, dignified, yet benign, detached, but with just a hint of elegant boon-companionship. Everything is faintly iced with cynicism, but mellowed by tacit recognition of aesthetic freemasonry. We are flattered, acknowledged, selected for segregation from the crowd, yet warmed by an all-pervading and most winning assumption that our exclusiveness is the secret sign of heartfelt brotherhood in literary emotion.

And so we scarcely notice that Mr. Moore is converting us to anything (if, indeed, he is). There is nothing in these uncontroversial phrases between the turbot and the boiled chicken to suggest proselytism. We are soothed and enchanted, and after that gracious dispensation of the wine we no longer feel it would be becoming for us to make any attempt at disentwining the garland he finally offers us. For a garland it most evidently is—the limitation of the poems to those dealing with "the world of things" has certainly succeeded in touching "Pure Poetry" with the old requisite floweriness of anthological tradition, and the final effect, however elaborate the method that produced it, is the extremely pleasant one of a few fresh blossoms plucked from the overflowing meadows for no other purpose than the weaving of this hospitable wreath.

Glimpses.

A GENTLEMAN.

He is alive and real: he is not merely a realist snapshot. He is very well known to a large number of people, by whom he is tolerated. He calls them his friends. He is so real that he is ill sometimes, and there are physicians who treat him and cure him. And since he is married, it might even be conjectured that it is possible he has been loved.

He is without Charm or Personality, Manner or Manners, Wit or Humour, Generosity or Courage, Wisdom or Knowledge, Nobility or Humility, Brawn or Brain.

Consequently he is Ungracious and Inhuman, Vain and Covetous, Selfish and Spiteful, Gossipy and Mean, Noisy and Boisterous, Petty and Snobby, Shrewish and Cruel, Ignorant and Dogmatic, Loquacious and Boring.

This portrait is flattering inasmuch as positive and definite qualities are admitted, but, like all photographs that are considered to be faithful portraits, it has had the prolonged and carefully minute attention of the retoucher. The rough lines have been removed, and what was vague or indistinct has been intensified.

But lest it may be thought that the needle of the retoucher was pointed with malice, it may be repeated that the subject still lives. He still has the crowd of acquaintances, which he calls his friends, who tolerate him and drink with him. He still has a wife, so it may continue to be assumed that he may even have been loved.

Moreover, he has lots of money, and his spats and silk hat give tone and dignity to the streets.

“ TRUTH IN — ” PARIS.

The professional purveyor of Truth is always suspect to his neighbours. The neighbours, being human, know what Pilate's difficulty was. They know that Truth is subject to Einstein's theory as much as Light, and that everything is dependent upon the point of view.

Hiram K. Jones, of Blue Pool, Pa., U.S.A., is a purveyor of Truth and Light. He believes that if he can tell folks often enough, long enough, and loudly enough that what he says is Truth, the Light must shine within them and they will hail him Prophet.

His method is effective with those who do not know him, but who know only his assertions. It fails abjectly with his intimates. His wife, for instance, he could not induce to credit a word he uttered. She knew

him too well, she said. But that may well be put down to prejudice. She lived too close to the light and had lost perspective.

So when Hiram K. came to her one evening and said that he was going to Yoorup to spread the Truth and the Light he found her quite incredulous, as usual. "Guess ya don't pull wool over my glims, Hiram K.," she said; "keep that stuff for the boobs." But Hiram K. is a hall-marked, hundred per cent., he-American, and consequently rose to the occasion. "Atta girl, Till," he said; "you keep me fine, you make me feel big. Guess ye'd thrill old Lunnin and make Paree feel a back number. Gee, missy, but ye're off the rails this trip. I'm goin' a Yoorup, sure; an' I'm goin' a bring ye back something to make sure I've bin there."

And he did. He brought back to her a gold spoon emblazoned with the arms of the French Republic.

"Old Yoorup is sure too slow," he said, as he acknowledged the salute of the guard at the Elysée.

SALESMANSHIP.

"Ah, Mr. O'Brien, but it's good to see you again. No need to ask *you* how you are! Sure health and happiness shine about you. And your business flourishing, like yourself. It's a pleasure to come across a bright, flourishing intelligently conducted business in these days. Nothing but sour faces and poor mouths everywhere. Not with *you*, Mr. O'Brien. You were always a man who knew what he was doing and what he wanted to do. No high falutin', and no wild plunges. If all your competitors were like you, Mr. O'Brien, I'd be one of the richest men on the road. But your job would be much harder. There was a fine business in the West I knew very well—built up by years of intelligent energy. I used to get the finest orders of my journey there. Last year the old man died, and the son took over the business. There was a meeting of creditors last week. The young man knew too much. Salesmanship was his line; knew everything about Salesmanship, he did. Had been through all the courses and never stumbled at a single fence. But he's out of business now, and all that his father made he has lost. He never knew what his old father knew, what the old stagers like you and I know—that Salesmanship is the art of Buying. Laugh if you tell them that, they do. They prefer mesmerism to sense, but the buying public doesn't. The buying public knows what it wants well enough, and it has the good sense to trust a man like yourself who always *Buys Right*. Give the public Quality at the Right Price, and any fool can sell. It's only the wise ones like you who know how and where to buy. But you're flourishing on it while the others are groaning. I'll be booking you for the usual, of course?"

A. E. M.

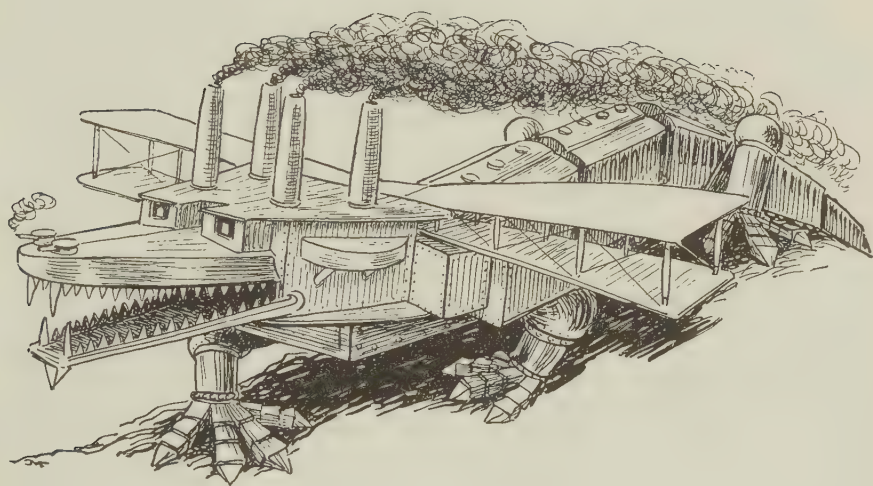


ILLUSTRATION FROM NUMBER TWO JOY STREET.

(Basil Blackwell, Oxford.)

Book Reviews.

SPACE, TIME, MOTION. An Historical Introduction to Relativity. By A. V. Vasiliev. Preface by Bertrand Russell. London: Chatto and Windus. 7s.

This book has both the qualities and the defects which naturally arise from its author being an enthusiast in possession of a new and victorious theory. Relativity, with its almost divine mathematical synthesis of previous speculations on matter, with its space and time, dynamics and electromagnetism, ought to be of interest to every lover of genial ideas of the universe. Such a one can be initiated into the mathematical concepts involved, if the initiation is done in plain and simple language. But the writers on Relativity imitate the Pythagoreans in more senses than one, and most especially in presenting their doctrine from the outset in the panoply of its paradoxes and mysteries. Even the illustrious writer of the preface, after a fling at the supposed infallibility which the Latin language gave to maxims like *natura non facit saltum*, tells us with very little breathing space that "Einstein's innovation consists not in the relational theory, but in the unification of space and time." Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio!

The writers both of preface and book frequently sin by statements of that kind, made without due explanation. And so did Minkowski, one of the mathematical architects of Relativity, when he said that henceforth space and time sink to shadows, and that only a union of the two retains an independent existence. He was only shouting after a mathematical victory, and making the nature of things co-extensive with the manner of their numeration by different observers. Aristotle's definition of time as "the number of motion relative to before and after" still holds the field. The mistake of Newton (and of most men) was to think that the numbering could be done, as in the mind of a god, uniquely for the whole universe, and that its numerical amount did not depend on the speed of that motion through space of which the time-number is, by definition, a mathematical appendage. But time remains an inexorable, unalterable sequence of events for each body, and on account of that characteristic can never "feel at home" in a union with space, as north and south, east and west, up and down feel at home with one another. Yet space and time are undoubtedly a three-plus-one-fold measure of the continuum of events, and the great merit of Einstein was to show that where the concept of their numerical independence had broken down in the explanation of certain phenomena, success could be achieved by regarding them as numerically interdependent.

The author's history of philosophic and mathematical speculation about space and time, from Pythagoras to Einstein, is most interesting. Only I find in it the statement that the teaching of St. Thomas Aquinas (presumably about all matters) "forms part of the obligatory doctrines of the Catholic Church," which leads me to suspect that others better acquainted with the history of philosophy may find lapses just as deplorable. Irish readers cannot but be pleased at the honours justly given to Berkeley the philosopher and to Fitzgerald the physicist, as precursors of Einstein. But those who know must feel that the greatest of all were due to Hamilton the mathematician, who is mentioned only once, and adjectivally. For to Hamilton is due the synthesis of the laws of dynamics into one law, a mathematical expression of the fact that the progress of a physical system from one state to another takes place along a unique path

of change. That law is called the Principle of Least Action, and has, since Hamilton's time, been successfully applied to all other domains of physics, and by relativist mathematicians to the universe as a whole. And Hamilton also was the inventor of the method of Quaternions, which, in a perfected form, has been the most powerful mathematical weapon of relativity. Yet, while the rest of the nations have been building their intellectual pantheon in stately tomes, we remain without a complete edition of Hamilton's works. Our twofold university system might find a mode of coalescence there, as miraculous as that of space and time in Einstein's theory.

P. BROWNE.

THE NATURAL MAN. By Patrick Miller. Grant Richards.
7s. 6d. net.

The judges in Mr. Grant Richards' competition for the Best First Novel were daring to award the prize to a war novel. The war is nominally ended, and the public desires to "let the dead past bury its dead." It must be said that the choice of the judges is a good one, as *The Natural Man* is easily the best war novel that has yet been published. Better books about the war there are, but they are either short stories or essay-sketches. *The Natural Man* shows the effect of war upon the ordinary human being, and the reader is kept keenly interested in the career of John McNiven. The descriptions of the fighting are very vivid, and the conditions of the battle area are presented realistically. The romance has gone from war, and it is books such as this that have taken it away. The decorations of the chapters and on the dust cover of the book are beautiful, and upon them, as upon the book itself, the publisher deserves the thanks of the readers.

A. M.

FROM WHITMAN TO SANDBURG IN AMERICAN POETRY.
By Bruce Weirick, New York. Macmillan.

The author of this book is a Lecturer in English in the University of Illinois, and the book consists of lectures delivered to the "young people in my classes" at that institution. Much of the book is concerned with Whitman, whose "importance is vaster than even the egotism which some of his critics ascribe to him could have foreseen." The author finds in American poetry "a drift away from New England," and finds that only those who follow the Master have succeeded in producing anything vital in poetry. "And if this drift alarms the reader, let him take some comfort in this thought: though there is more danger here, more imagination than prudence, there is, too, more excitement and many joys."

A. M.

NAPOLEON: THE ARTIST. By Elie Faure. Translated by J. E. Jeffrey.
Constable. 7s. 6d. net.

When Mr. H. G. Wells attempted to put Napoleon "in his place" he failed to take account of people like M. Faure. Faure is not an historian, nor is he a biographer, in the usual sense. He has all Mr. Wells' emotionalism

without his scientific interests. The Napoleon that Wells saw could never have conquered half the world, but it is quite credible that Faure's Napoleon could have done so. M. Faure is an enthusiast who by his sincerity, rather than his method, gives a very remarkable impression of Napoleon.

To Faure Napoleon was an artist. "I love power," Napoleon said, "but it is as an artist I love it. I love it as a musician loves his violin, to draw out of it sounds and chords and harmonies. I love it as an artist." The world knows of the Corsican ogre, the ruthless conqueror, the friendless and unloved man, but it does not know so well the "tender-hearted man who could control himself." That is the Napoleon Faure is enthusiastic about. The General who winced when his troops suffered; the man who stored the hopes and desires of others to fulfil them as opportunity offered. That Napoleon has never been more faithfully shown to the world than in this book.

Napoleon's career was a life and death struggle against England and what England represented—the nation of shopkeepers. In that epithet is, according to M. Faure, to be found the essential Napoleon. The artist against the shopkeeper! It seems a fanciful interpretation, but M. Faure carries conviction, and there emerges from his book a picture of a man, lovable and kindly, who tries in vain to keep the world free from the materialist servitude. The toothache in the body of a little man, says Hugo, changed the history of Europe. Faure in this book suggests how different it might have been.

A. E. M.

THE CRIME OF SYLVESTRE BONNARD. By Anatole France : a Translation by Lafcadio Hearn. John Lane. 2s. 6d.

THE MERRIE TALES OF JACQUES TOURNEBROCHE AND CHILD LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By Anatole France : a Translation by Alfred Allinson. John Lane. 2s. 6d.

The fragile "Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" suffers no loss of inner life in the hands of Lafcadio Hearn. The tale falls tranquilly into English, lulled by the unflinching warmth and humility of the translator's appreciation. Although unequal (and, indeed, who is equal?) to more than hinting at the master's grace of style there is about the mind of Lafcadio Hearn some Eastern sense of aesthetic rarity that qualifies him unassailably for his enterprise.

"The Merrie Tales of Jacques Tournebroche" and the sketches of children are translated with less affinity, but with a pleasant fluency. There is not the same need here for the more insidious wiles of comprehension. The "Merrie Tales" are trifles that may be carried off in the folds of a new language more brazenly than the classical "Crime." Beside the latter they appear as the mere exquisitely-wrought odds and ends of the workshop, flying blocks, chips and shavings, caught back from the making of masterpieces, and lightly carved and gilded into gay little gargoyles, figurines, and decorations.

MICHAEL SCOT.

NOCTURNE IN PALERMO. By Clifford Bax.

THE RIGORDANS. By Edward Percy. Ernest Benn, Limited, London.

These volumes comprise numbers 16 and 17 in the series entitled "Contemporary British Dramatisits." Mr. Bax gives us such a slight and trifling

sketch that one can hardly treat it seriously as a play. Mr. Percy works his theme in a conventional and orthodox fashion. He has written a play. A company of actors could produce it. And, no doubt, it would engender momentary interest, as the reading of it does. Those who like competence and efficiency in modern dramatic work will be pleased with "The Rigordans." But there is nothing more for the critic to say.

A PRIVATE ANTHOLOGY. Made by N. G. Royde-Smith.
Constable and Co., Ltd., London. 6s.

There is no standard to judge this book by. For which heaven be praised. It is simply a collection of poems which pleased Miss Royde-Smith. Some of them I don't like—for instance, "Hymn," by Dr. Croly. But the majority will please most minds susceptible to the appeal of poetry. Most lovers of verse have a private anthology of their own. But they are not all as favoured as Miss Royde-Smith in finding a publisher. I quite like her theory of the finding of a poem by a reader being just as important as the making of one. For where would the poets be without readers? The introduction called "An Apology" is a charming essay. Miss Royde-Smith quite rightly decrees that she shall have her say as well as her flock of poets.

M, O.

MEDIAEVAL ENGLAND, 1066-1500. By R. Trevor Davies.
Macmillan and Co.

The author presents "the present work for the general reader who has picked up a superficial knowledge of the political history of the Middle Ages and wishes to know something of its deeper significance. It covers the (English) Board of Education's new Syllabus (1925) for the Training College Certificate Examination Scheme 3." Even a casual examination of its contents leads the reader to the conclusion that the author's performance is of greater value than his intention. A careful study of every page forces the conviction on the reviewer that Mr. Davies is a true historical scholar who has gleaned widely, not merely in the open fields of mediaeval English M.S. sources, but has wandered down many a green hedge-row off the main road and culled precious flowers of knowledge. Apart from the fact that he has used all the standard printed authorities, his original work alone is of high value; hence the volume will be found most helpful and suggestive by many students who would resent the limiting "superficial." From the days of the Norman Conquest to the collapse of the Mediaeval State we travel in his pleasant and informing company, every now and then being happily disillusioned of some of our pre-conceived notions, learned from older writers who had not either his sources of knowledge or the skill to utilise them. The "Age of Corporations," "The Gilds and Universities," "The Influence of the Crusades," and "The Black Death" show him at his best. Whether you are interested in the story of the Jews in England or Piers Plowman or John Wycliffe, you will feel the force of his deep lore in shaking into dust the sanctified bones of many a hoary error still honoured in many an accredited authority. Wycliffe's "translation of the Bible" is too comprehensive; the author himself, later, limits it to a part translation. He has used, in a telling manner, the "Canterbury Tales" and "Piers Plowman" to exhibit the thoughts, the feelings, and the outlook of the mass of the English common

folk, as well as of the better-circumstanced classes. To many scholars the brief account of Gower *Confessio Amantis* will make a quicker appeal because of its novelty. No professed lover of Chaucer or "The Vision of Piers Plowman" will fail to laud the clear exposition, the erudite textual intimacy, and the knowledge of origins displayed. The criticism, in the man, is sane and balanced. Thus, "*The Vision of Piers Plowman* is not the work of one solitary dreamer, but of a number of obscure men of the Fourteenth Century, who cherished an enthusiasm of righteousness and a hatred of evil. It is a fact which helps to dispel the illusion that Fourteenth Century England was devoid of much literary ability or skill, even among the poorer classes. Until recently all these poems have been attributed to one Willian Langland." Space is limited, hence we must part, with genuine regret, from the informed and informing Mr. Davies. No teacher or writer or student of the story of Mediaeval England ought to be without this valuable book; within its compass and scope it has no superior. As a life-long student of History, I wish to thank the author for the light and the pleasure his work afforded me.

SEAN GHALL.

PROBLEMS OF LIFE. By L. Trotsky. Translated by Z. Vengerova.
With an Introduction by N. Minsky. London: Methuen and Co.
2s. 6d. net.

Trotsky is surely one of the biggest men whom the wars and revolutions of this last decade have thrown upon the world-stage. This volume is another proof of his wonderful versatility, and gives him a further claim to rank with these incomparable Russians to whom literature, art and music, and life itself, owe so much. In this book he is one of the keenest and sanest critics of the problems of everyday life of the people in Soviet Russia in the extremely difficult post-revolution period. After all, the best critic of a people is a man or woman of that people itself, and not even the most friendly of outsiders. In these articles and talks Trotsky is doing something constructive in social life with the same realism, keen observation, and sense of humour so evident in nearly everything he has written on political and military affairs. "*Problems of Life*" reminds me curiously of some of the articles Thomas Davis contributed to the *Nation*. The Russian Commissar and the Young Irishman are worlds apart, but beneath the sternness of the Bolshevik revolutionary there is a gentleness, when dealing with his own people, as engaging as that of Davis. And Irish readers will find in Trotsky's latest work not a few habits, customs, and traits they are familiar with at home.

Sometimes the translator's rendering into English is idiomatic enough, but too often it is stiff and formal like a school "crib." A better acquaintance with English literature would have suggested a happier rendering of the first chapter heading than "Not by Politics Alone does Man Thrive." Trotsky's regard for language would scarcely permit him to accept such expressions as "the philosophic stone" and "socialistic," when he meant the philosopher's stone and socialist. But has not an Irish writer made one of his characters in a revue say recently: "The wages of sin are death"? Two different spellings of the author's name are not permissible in one book. And what shall be said in Wigan, Belfast, and Calcutta of N. Minsky's astounding discovery that at the beginning of the education of children "the principle of equality (is) observed in the vast majority of English races"? There is no such comparisons in Trotsky's writings.

C. O'S.

NUMBER TWO JOY STREET. A Medley of Prose and Verse for Boys and Girls. Basil Blackwell, Oxford. 6s. net.

The dreams of some imaginative child, of an earlier day, when books designed for the young were still required to be "improving," may have been shot through with visions of such a book as this. It is a veritable paradise, a house of joy, indeed, packed with delight from the cover, with its curious realisation of Mr. Wells' *Door in the Wall*, to the captive rabbit "held by one soft white ear for tether" on the back.

All the writers and artists are in holiday humour, and they have not tried to write or draw for children—they have, more wisely, become as children. Here is G. K. C. himself "with all the grace of a dancing elephant," and Hillaire Belloc at his wildest, and Houseman and De la Mare, and the grave Walpole, no longer grave, and many another, all "busy about a dance."

I pity the child who will not have an opportunity this Xmas of gazing upon the picture of the Proud Sir Pim on his horse or reading of his riding abroad.

"And when he walked or rode abroad
The passers-by were overawed,
And little boys and girls would stammer
(With slight regard for English grammar),
That's him—
That's Proud Sir Pim!"

By the courtesy of Mr. Basil Blackwell we have been able to reproduce the magnificent Chestertonian Dragon, which illustrates a very perfect story done in the best manner of that great wise child, G. K. C., and with a very sound moral "that the whole world will behave differently when heroes find their hiding-place in the world."

"Number Two Joy Street" is one of the best (and cheapest) children's books ever produced, and the parent who neglects to put it in the Xmas Stocking will be guilty of a grave misdemeanour.